

WEIRD
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ANC

STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!

JOURNEY

MAR. 1955

NO. 6

10¢

into



FEAR

Partners in **BLOOD**
Tomb for *Two*
DIE, My Darling!
Rose of **DOOM**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Lets play house

Dear to the heart of every child is a Doll's House. Little people, a rug and real movable furniture in every room in the house: Bed Room, Living Room, Dining Room and Kitchen, all ready to punch out and assemble. "Clicks" together without glue or pins. Plasticised for easy cleaning, all in beautiful natural colors.

LIVING ROOM: Television Set in Rich Mahogany tone. Coffee Table, Two End Tables, One Blue Club Chair, One Decorative Club Chair and matching Chesterfield - - all can be set up and moved about to any place you choose on the gorgeous carved pattern-type Broadloom Rug. And of course, there are four People for each Room: a Boy and a Girl with their Mother and Dad. And all are dressed in different clothes and colors to suit whichever room they are in.

DINING ROOM: Beautifully furnished with a nine-piece modern Walnut Tone Dining Room Suite and lovely Rug to harmonize . . . everyone is wearing their very best clothes, smart and colorful.

BEDROOM: A Dream Room, a Dresser with Bevel Mirror, Chest of Drawers, Night Table, two beautiful Chairs trimmed to match the Bedspread. The two "men" are dressed in pyjamas, while the ladies wear handsome gowns.

The backs of all the pictures of all the furniture and people are specially prepared so that you can color them.

ALL THREE OF THESE ROOMS ARE ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID THERE IS ALSO A KITCHEN: Rug, People, Furniture and all. A Combination Sink, Cabinet, Refrigerator, Electric Range, Washing Machine, Table stand and 2 Chairs. PRICE 35c. extra.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

JOLLA SALES, BOX 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.

- ☐ Send me C.O.D. the Doll's House: Dining Room, Living Room and Bedroom. I will pay the Postman \$1.00 plus Postage on delivery.
- ☐ Send also the Doll's House Kitchen - 35c. extra.

NAME

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- ☐ If you enclose remittance in full with this coupon we will prepay all delivery charges.

Partners in BLOOD

FOR CENTURIES IT BROODED BY THE TURGID RHINE, A CRUMBLING PILE OF LOST HOPES AND BLOODY MEMORIES! AT NIGHT A WOMAN SCREAMED THERE—AND FEARFUL VILLAGERS SHUNNED IT AS THEY WOULD THE DEVIL! **Vampir Schloss**—THEY CALLED IT! **CASTLE OF VAMPIRES...**

ONE DANK NIGHT IN NOVEMBER, A CAR LEAVES COLOGNE AND HEADS SOUTH ALONG THE RHINE...

THIS IS A DANGEROUS THING, HERR MARTIN! VISITING **VAMPIR SCHLOSS!**

BUT SO EXCITING!

A SCIENTIST CANNOT BE A COWARD! DRIVE ON.

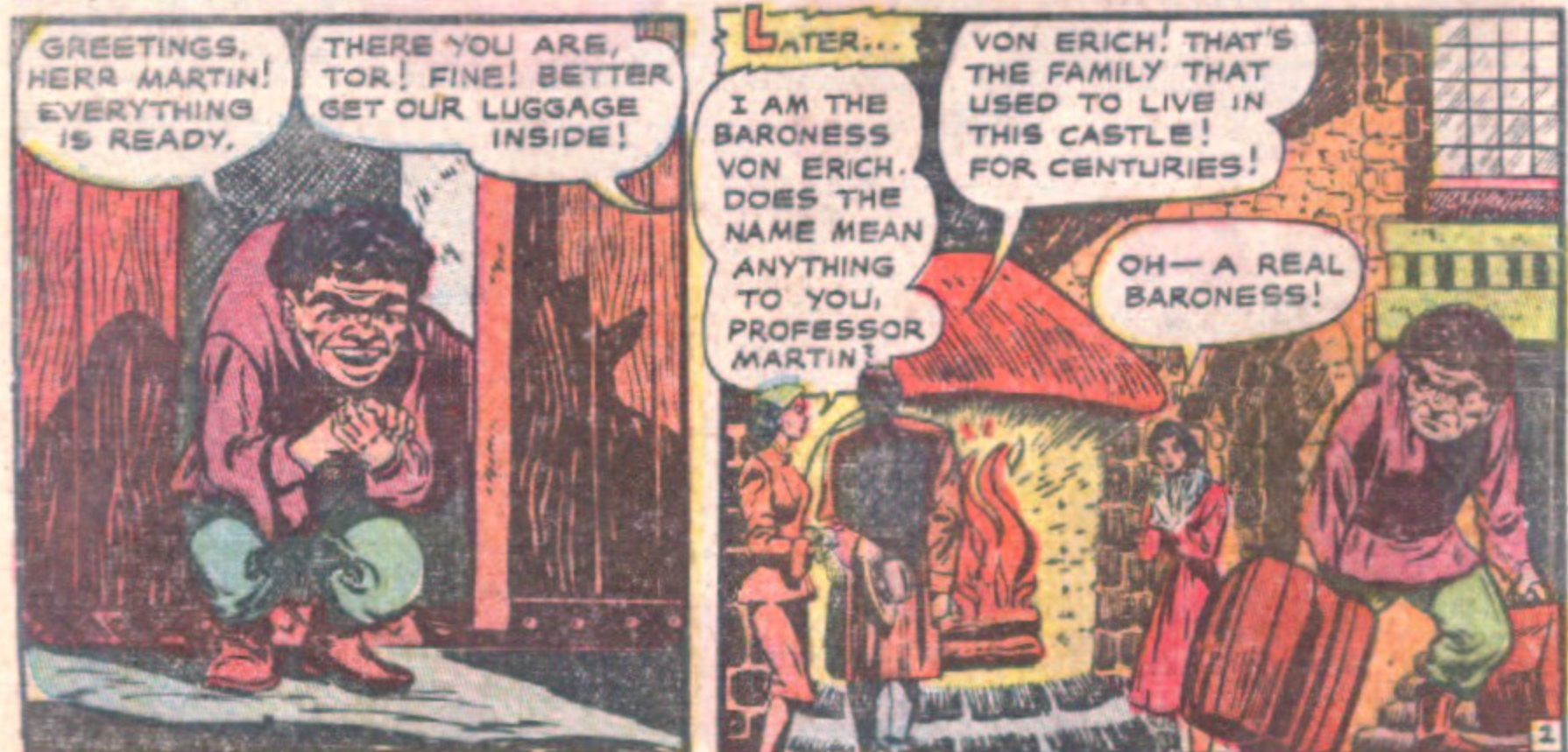
HOURS LATER...

THERE, HERR MARTIN! **VAMPIR SCHLOSS!** PLEASE LET US TURN BACK!

UNCLE! IT—IT IS FORBIDDING!

ALL THE BETTER, ROSE. NO ONE WILL BOTHER US.





YES—THE SAME FAMILY. I AM THE LAST. NOW I LIVE IN A LITTLE COTTAGE NOT FAR AWAY. I SELDOM COME HERE! BUT IF YOU WILL LET ME STAY UNTIL MY CAR CAN BE REPAIRED...

OF COURSE, BARONESS.



SOON...

GOODNIGHT...TOR WILL SHOW YOU THE BEDROOMS. SEE YOU TOMORROW.

GOODNIGHT, UNCLE.

YOU ARE KIND, PROFESSOR MARTIN.



OH—ISN'T IT SPOOKY? BUT UNCLE IS DETERMINED TO KNOW IF VAMPIRES REALLY EXIST!

VAMPIRES! THOSE OLD STORIES! HAH—BUT I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU, MY DEAR.



YOU ARE LOVELY, MY DEAR! SUCH A SOFT, WHITE COMPLEXION...

T—THANK YOU, BARONESS! GOODNIGHT!

HER HANDS—SO COLD!



SECONDS LATER...

THIS WAY, BARONESS! DOWN AND DOWN! THE COFFINS HAVE NOT BEEN DISTURBED. YOU WILL SLEEP WELL!

FOOL! BUT I FORGIVE YOU. AND I SHALL NOT SLEEP TONIGHT. THERE IS WORK TO DO.

GOODNIGHT, BARONESS. DO NOT FRIGHTEN THE LITTLE ONE.

I WILL NOT FRIGHTEN HER! SHE IS TOO SWEET—TOO TENDER.



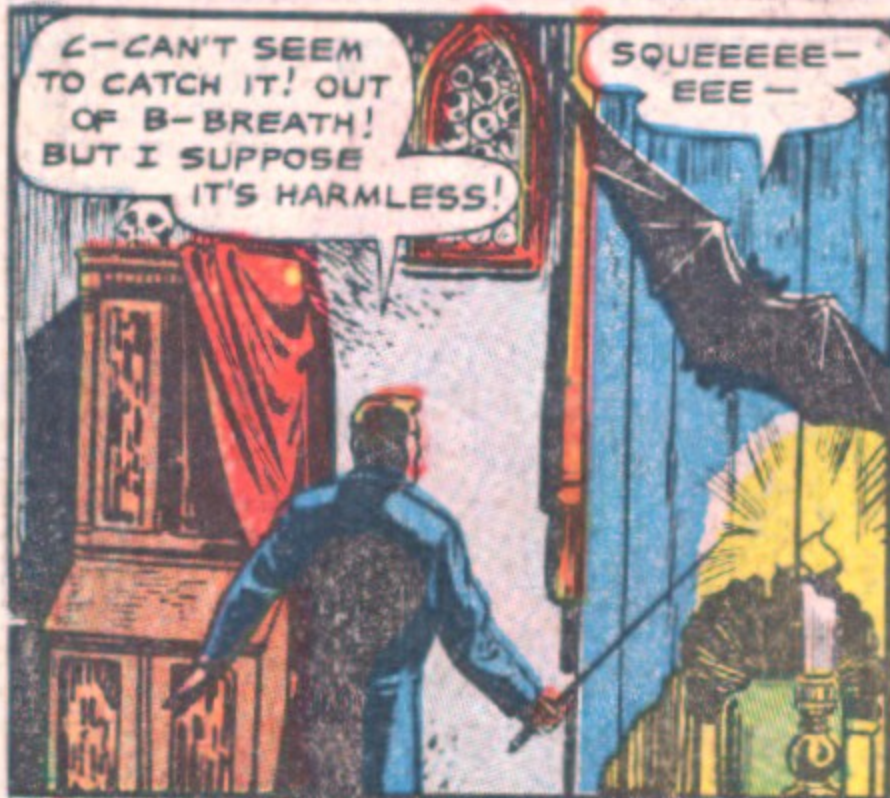


WHILE BELOW, PROFESSOR MARTIN IS EXULTING...

I WAS RIGHT TO COME HERE! THIS OLD BOOK—THERE **WAS** A VAMPIRE IN THE VON ERICH FAMILY! A WOMAN WHO DIED IN 1543 AND CAME BACK AS A VAMPIRE! WHAT A PAPER THIS WILL MAKE FOR THE PSYCHIC SOCIETY!

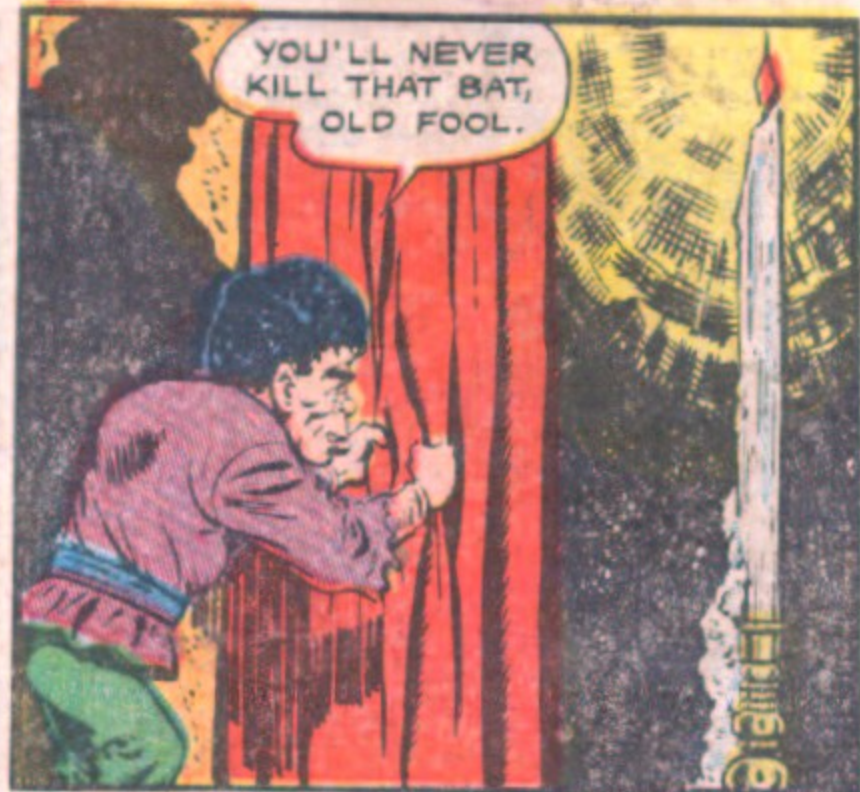


A BAT! A REGULAR GIANT!



I—CAN'T SEEM TO CATCH IT! OUT OF B-B-BREATH! BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S HARMLESS!

SQUEEEEE—
EEE—

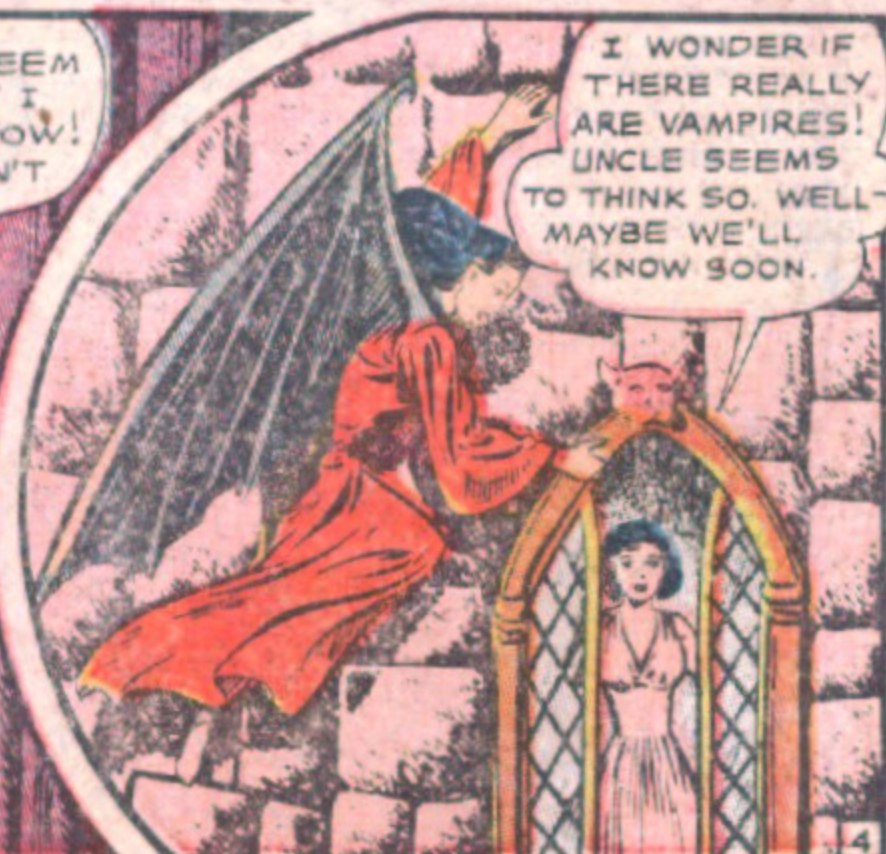


YOU'LL NEVER KILL THAT BAT, OLD FOOL.

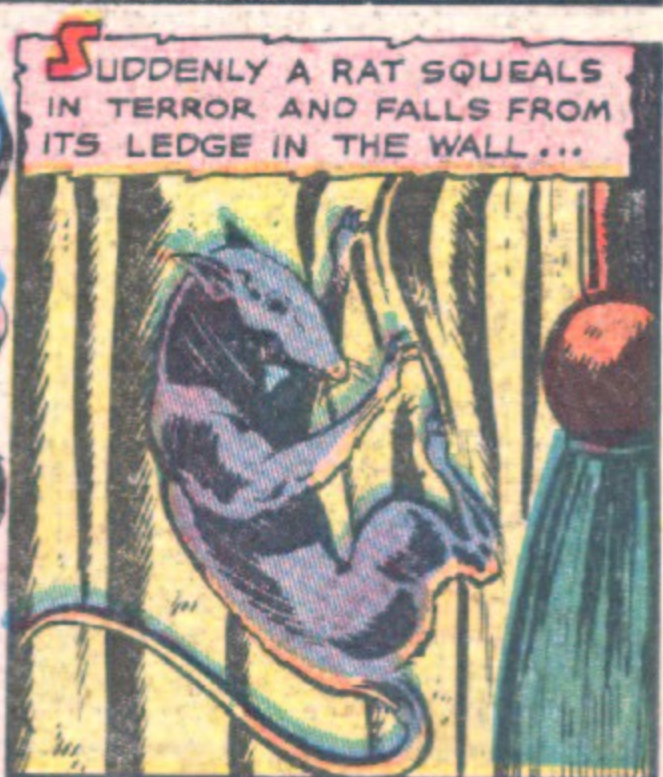
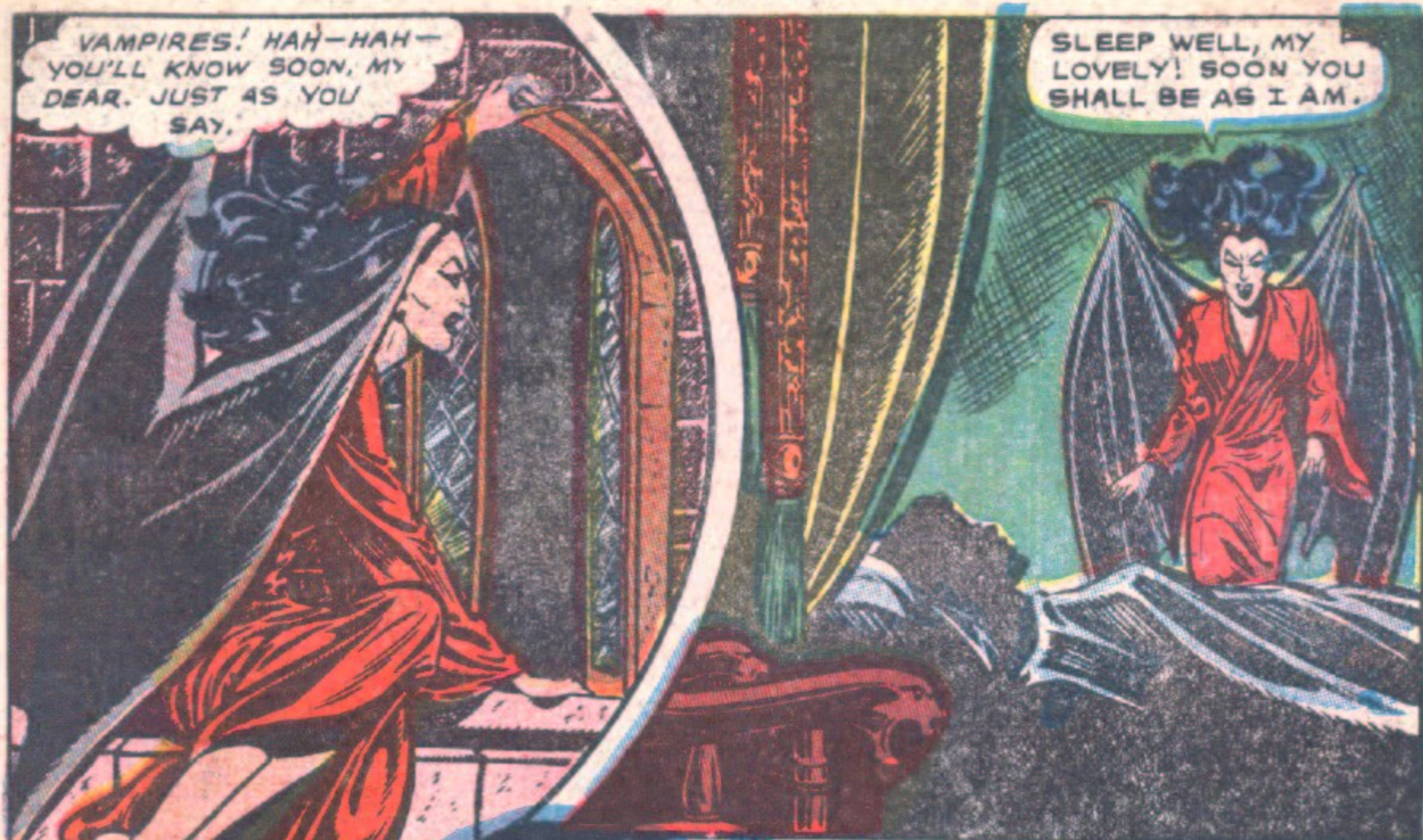


WHILE UPSTAIRS...

BRRRR—I CAN'T SEEM TO GET WARM! BUT I MUST OPEN A WINDOW! HOPE UNCLE DOESN'T WORK TOO LATE.



I WONDER IF THERE REALLY ARE VAMPIRES! UNCLE SEEMS TO THINK SO. WELL—MAYBE WE'LL KNOW SOON.



NEXT MORNING...

BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE, UNCLE! I WON'T! NOT AFTER LAST NIGHT!

BUT ROSE, MY WORK...

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT LEAVING?

PROFESSOR MARTIN TOLD THE BARONESS WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT...

THERE, MY DEAR. I'LL FIX IT. YOU CAN STAY AT MY COTTAGE.

FINE! AND I CAN WORK HERE IN PEACE.

WELL—ALL RIGHT.

HER HANDS AGAIN! LIKE ICE.

AND SOON...

THIS IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE VON ERICH FORTUNE, ROSE. BUT I AM CONTENT HERE.

BUT IT'S LOVELY, SO DIFFERENT FROM THE CASTLE.

YOU CAN REST SAFELY HERE! NO RATS, I ASSURE YOU.

UGH—DON'T REMIND ME! IT WAS HORRIBLE.

YES, MY DEAR! YOU'LL BE HERE WHEN I WANT YOU! AND NO RATS—HAH—HAH.

MEANTIME, BACK AT THE CASTLE...

HURRY, TOR! THESE BOOKS ARE THE FIND OF THE CENTURY. SOON I'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT THE CASTLE'S VAMPIRES!

YES, MINE HERR! BUT WHO KNOWS—PERHAPS YOU WILL SEE HER.

IF I COULD ONLY SEE HER!



AT THAT MOMENT,
IN THE CASTLE...

N-NO! IT CAN'T BE!
STILL, PUT HER IN
MODERN CLOTHES AND
IT'S THE BARONESS!
AND ROSE IS WITH
HER! I'VE GOT
TO BE SURE!

I SEE YOU HAVE
FOUND HER,
PROFESSOR MARTIN,
MY POOR ANCESTOR!
THEY CALLED HER
A VAMPIRE!

BARONESS! Y-YES,
I WAS JUST THINK-
ING HOW MUCH
ALIKE YOU ARE.



AFTER A CHASE, THE PROFESSOR CATCHES THE VAMPIRE ON THE ANCIENT BATTLEMENTS...

NOW — THIS STAKE THROUGH YOUR EVIL HEART! ONCE MORE — AND AGAIN AND AGAIN...

AAAAAAAAAAAAA...

NO — I'M YOUR UNCLE — AHHHHHHHHH...

I HATE YOU! DIE — DIE! I AM A VAMPIRE NOW.

BUT AS HE TURNS FROM HIS GRISLY TASK...

ROSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ROSE?

YOU KILLED HER! MURDERED MY FRIEND! I WANTED TO BE WITH HER! NOW I KILL YOU!

GOOD! YOU HAVE SLAIN HIM... NOW WE ARE FREE — JUST WE TWO! WE WILL LIVE IN THE CASTLE FOREVER — TOGETHER!

YES, TOR! JUST THE TWO OF US. TAKE ME AWAY QUICKLY!

AND SO THE VAMPIR SCHLOSS STILL STANDS AND BROODS. THERE ARE BATS, AND RATS, AND OTHER THINGS TOO. THE VILLAGERS STILL FEAR IT AND AVOID IT, AND AT NIGHT THEY CAN HEAR SCREAMS THAT FREEZE THE BLOOD AND STOP THE HEART. THE PSYCHIC SOCIETY IS LOOKING FOR ANOTHER MAN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF PROFESSOR MARTIN. PERHAPS YOU ARE UN-EMPLOYED...

OH — WE'LL FALL! BE CAREFUL, TOR.

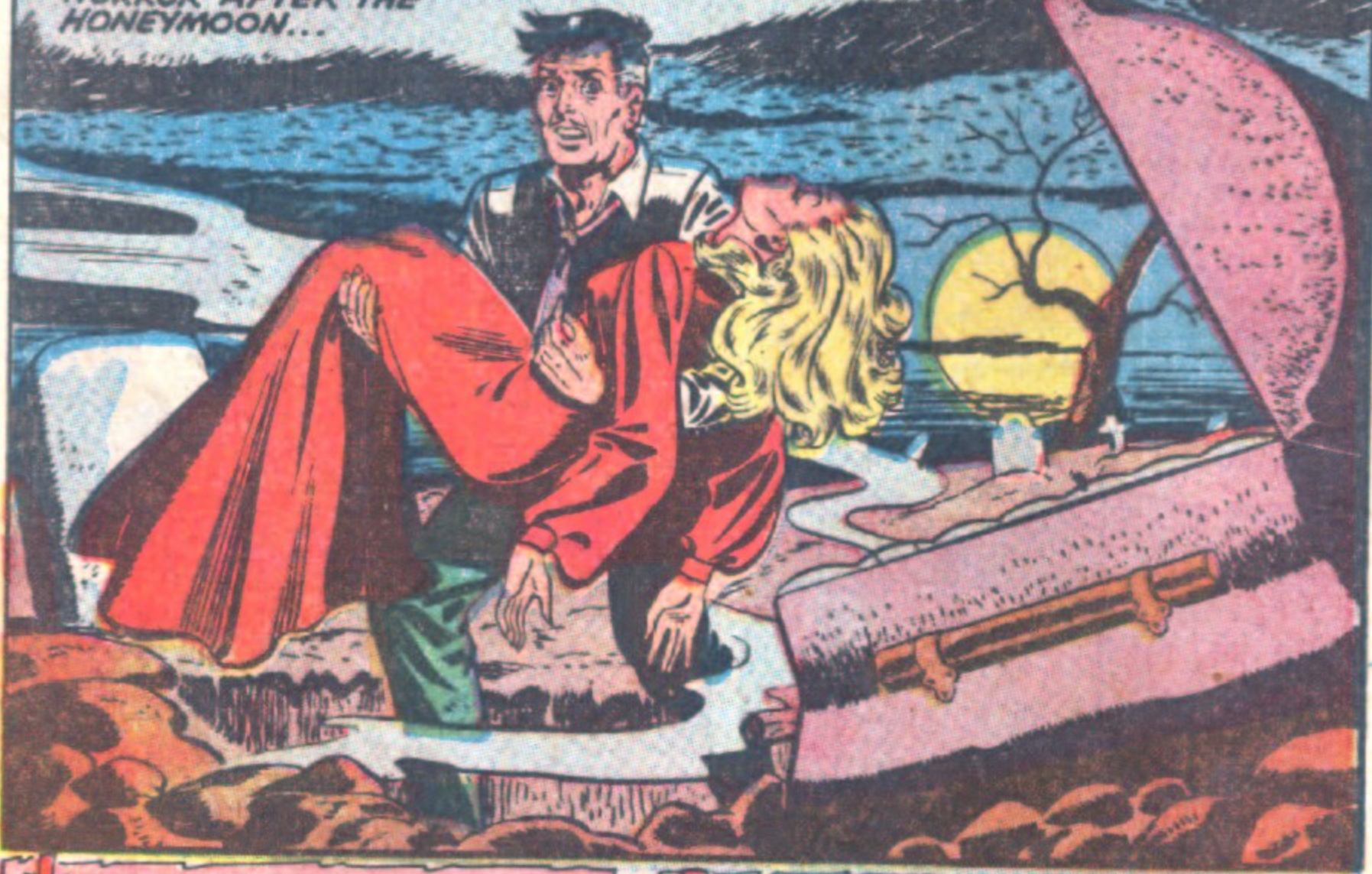
FALL! HO — HO — I NEVER SLIP — AGGGGGGG...

EEEEEEEE!

The End

Tomb for Two

HIS LOVE FOR THIS WOMAN WAS SO GREAT THAT WHEN SHE DIED HE COULD NOT LET THE GRAVE TAKE HER! INSTEAD HE CONCEIVED A DARING AND INSANE PLAN TO KEEP HIS BELOVED FOREVER WITH HIM! YOUR FLESH WILL CRAWL LIKE GRAVEYARD RATS AFTER A CORPSE WHEN YOU READ ABOUT THIS HORROR AFTER THE HONEYMOON...



JOHAN AND ELSA MORGAN WERE LOVERS SUCH AS THE WORLD SELDOM SEES. ON THE HONEYMOON HE COULD NOT LET HER OUT OF HIS SIGHT...

DARLING! ANOTHER WEEK AND OUR HONEYMOON WILL BE OVER.

I KNOW, ELSA. IT WILL BE LIKE LEAVING PARADISE! BUT WE'LL ALWAYS BE LOVERS... ALWAYS!



BUT A FEW DAYS LATER TRAGEDY STRIKES...

SORRY, MR. MORGAN! YOUR WIFE MUST HAVE ABSOLUTE QUIET. WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN.

YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HER, DOCTOR! YOU MUST! IF SHE DIES I'LL — LOSE MY MIND!



BUT THE NEXT DAY...

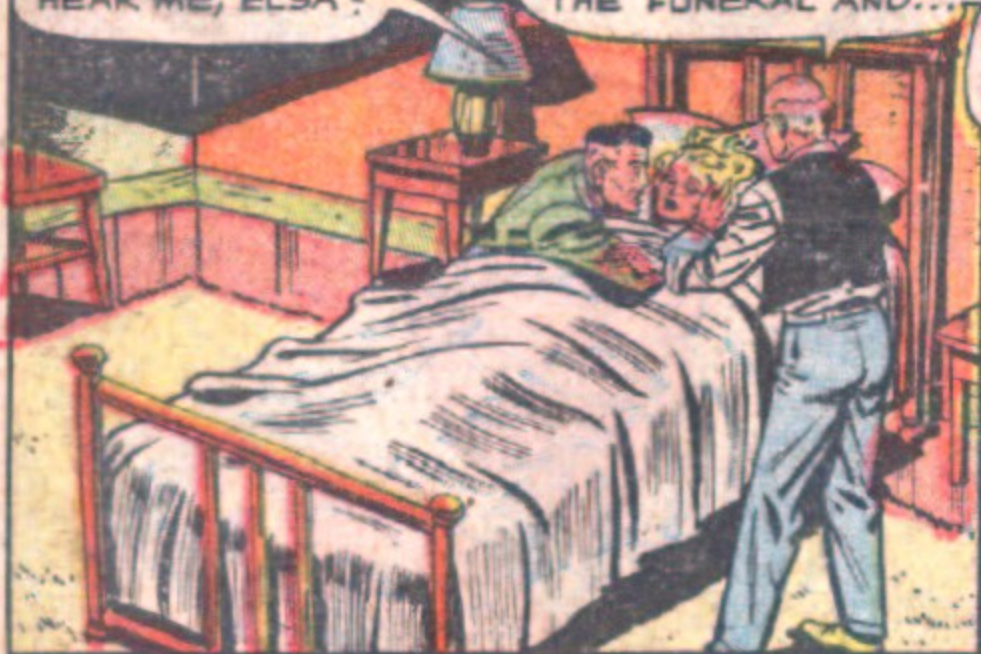
ELSA! OH, NO! SHE CAN'T BE DEAD! CAN YOU HEAR ME, ELSA?

MR. MORGAN! YOU MUST PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN! THERE ARE ARRANGEMENTS TO MAKE. THE FUNERAL AND...

AND LATER...

HERE YOU ARE, SIR. TEN THOUSAND! A GOOD THING YOU INSURED YOUR WIFE AS SOON AS YOU WERE MARRIED.

WHAT? OH, YES, THE INSURANCE! THANK YOU. BUT I WOULD LIKE TO BE ALONE NOW, IF YOU PLEASE.

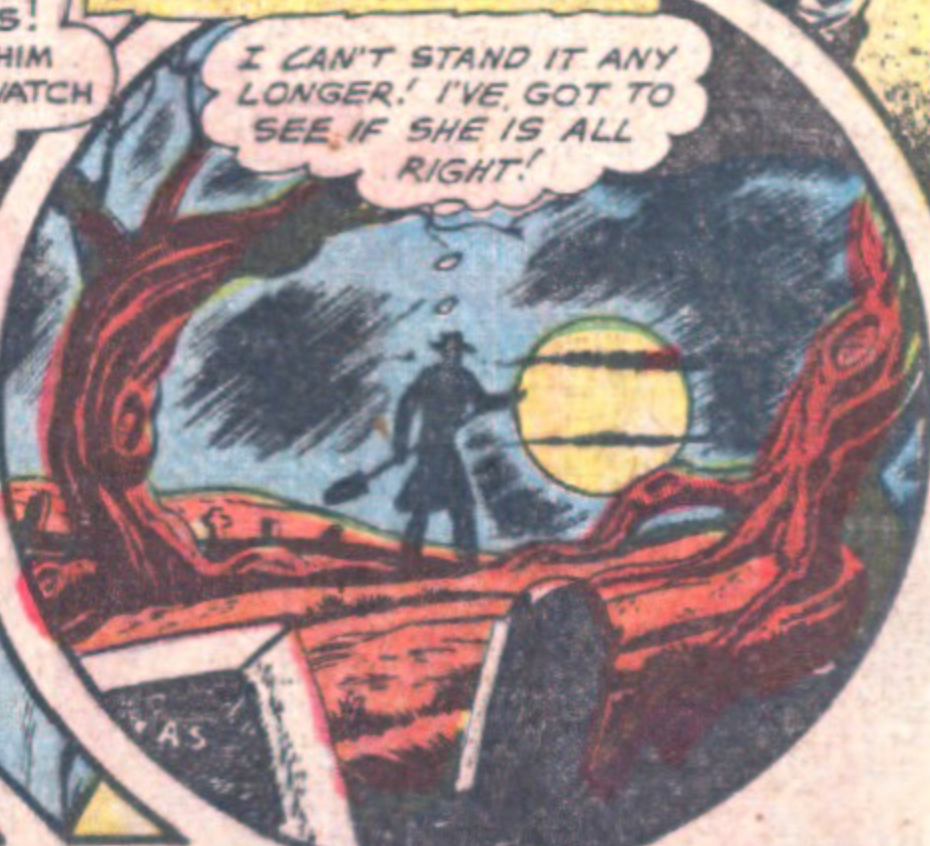


I JUST DON'T KNOW, CHIEF. IT LOOKS FISHY, ALL RIGHT, HER DYING SO SOON. BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO GO ON! AND THE DOC'S CERTIFICATE WAS OKAY.

HMMMM — THEY'RE CLEVER, SOMETIMES! WE'LL, WE'VE PAID HIM AND NOW WE'LL WATCH HIM. STAY ON THE JOB, BERT.

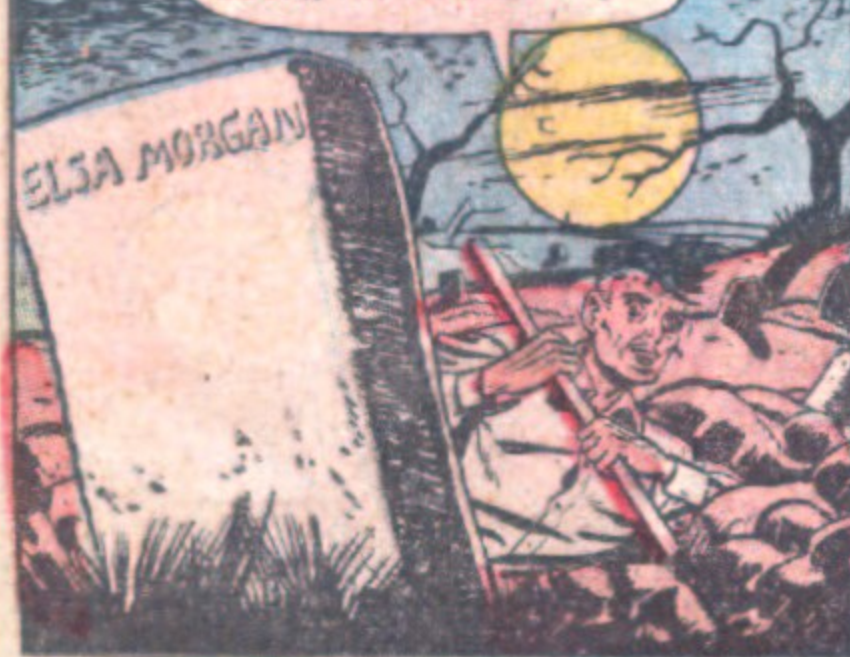
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO SEE IF SHE IS ALL RIGHT!



NOT MUCH FARTHER NOW. I FELT THE SPADE STRIKE SOMETHING! SOON WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN, ELSA, MY DARLING!

ELSA! THEY'LL NEVER PART US AGAIN. NEVER! I'VE — HEH — HEH — GOT A PLAN.



WHEN MORGAN REACHES HOME WITH THE BODY OF HIS WIFE...

YOU ARE SO LOVELY, ELSA! SO PALE AND COLD! BUT I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW, FOR A LITTLE TIME.

MY PLAN WILL WORK. I KNOW IT! AND WITH THIS GUN I'LL MAKE SURE THAT NOBODY EVER KNOWS.

A GOOD NIGHT FOR MY PLAN. NO ONE WILL SEE THE MAN LEAVE HIS SHOP! OR—
HAH—HAH—SEE HIM RETURN!

YOU'LL COME WITH ME, NOW! HURRY!

SURE, MISTER! ONLY DON'T SHOOT! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY! P—PLEASE!

AND SOON...

THERE YOU ARE! YOU SEE! NOW GET TO WORK!

BUT WHERE'S THE ANIMAL YOU WANT ME TO STUFF?
HEY! MISTER!
Y—YOU'RE NUTS!

YOU UNDERSTAND, I SEE! THEN GET TO WORK —OR I'LL KILL YOU!

NO—I CAN'T! UHHHHH—
D—DON'T! I'LL DO IT...



AND SO THE HAUNTED DAYS DRIFT SLOWLY AWAY WHILE A MADMAN CARES TENDERLY FOR THE WOMAN HE LOVES—AND WHO HAS BEEN DEAD FOR WEEKS...



YOU'VE BEEN INSIDE TOO MUCH, ELSA! YOU MUST GET SOME FRESH AIR. AND NO ONE WILL SEE US THIS TIME OF NIGHT.



BUT SOMEONE DOES SEE THEM...

HUH! I'D HAVE SWORN THAT WAS MORGAN'S WIFE! I SOLD HER THE POLICY. BUT NO—CAN'T BE THAT! I'M GOING NUTS. OR—OR AM I?



AN HOUR LATER IN THE OFFICE OF A LARGE INSURANCE COMPANY...

YOU'RE EITHER CRAZY OR DRUNK, BERT! OR BOTH! ELSA MORGAN IS DEAD! WE BOTH KNOW THAT.

DO WE THOUGH? MAYBE I AM NUTS, BUT I'LL SWEAR IT WAS HER! AND THAT MORGAN HAS ACTED FUNNY. WE'D BETTER CHECK.

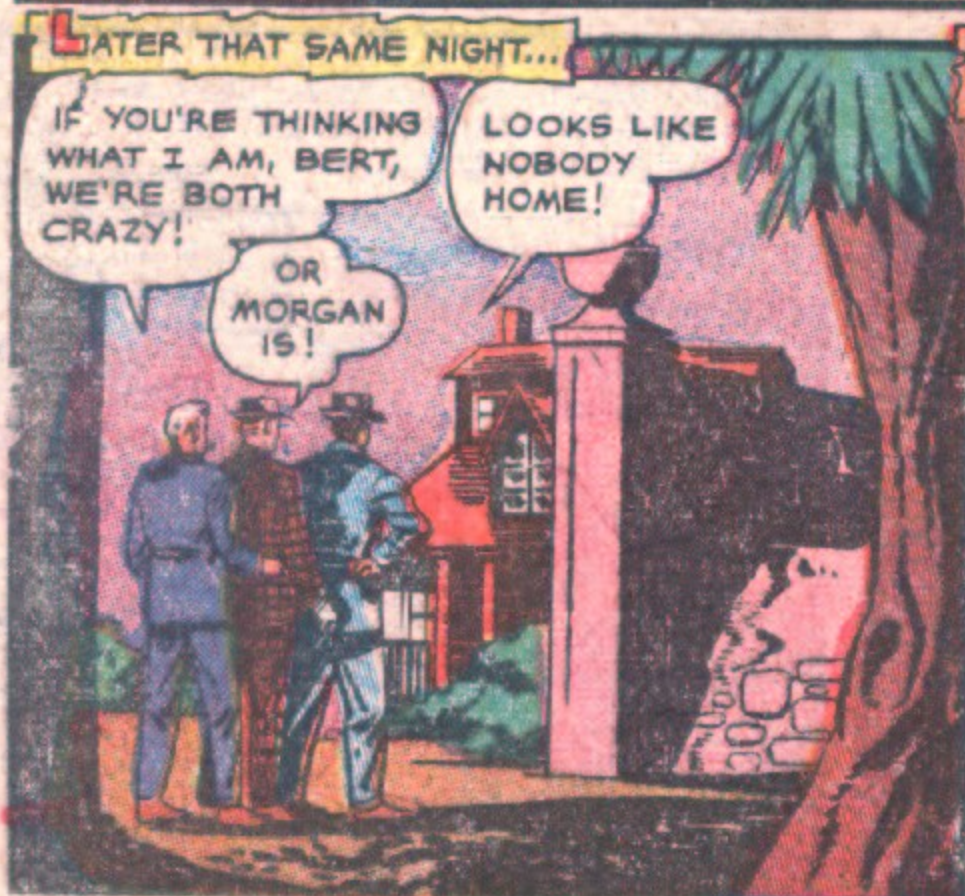


LATER THAT SAME NIGHT...

IF YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I AM, BERT, WE'RE BOTH CRAZY!

LOOKS LIKE NOBODY HOME!

OR MORGAN IS!



BUT JOHN MORGAN IS VERY MUCH AWAKE...

SO! I KNEW THEY WOULD COME, BUT I HOPED IT WOULDN'T BE SO SOON. WE MUST LEAVE, ELSA. AND NEVER RETURN!



ONCE MORE JOHN MORGAN PUTS THE BODY OF ELSA IN HIS CAR...

HEY, STOP!

MORGAN! WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



THEY'LL NEVER GET US, ELSA. NOT IN TIME. HAH-HAH-HAH...

LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADING FOR THE CEMETERY!

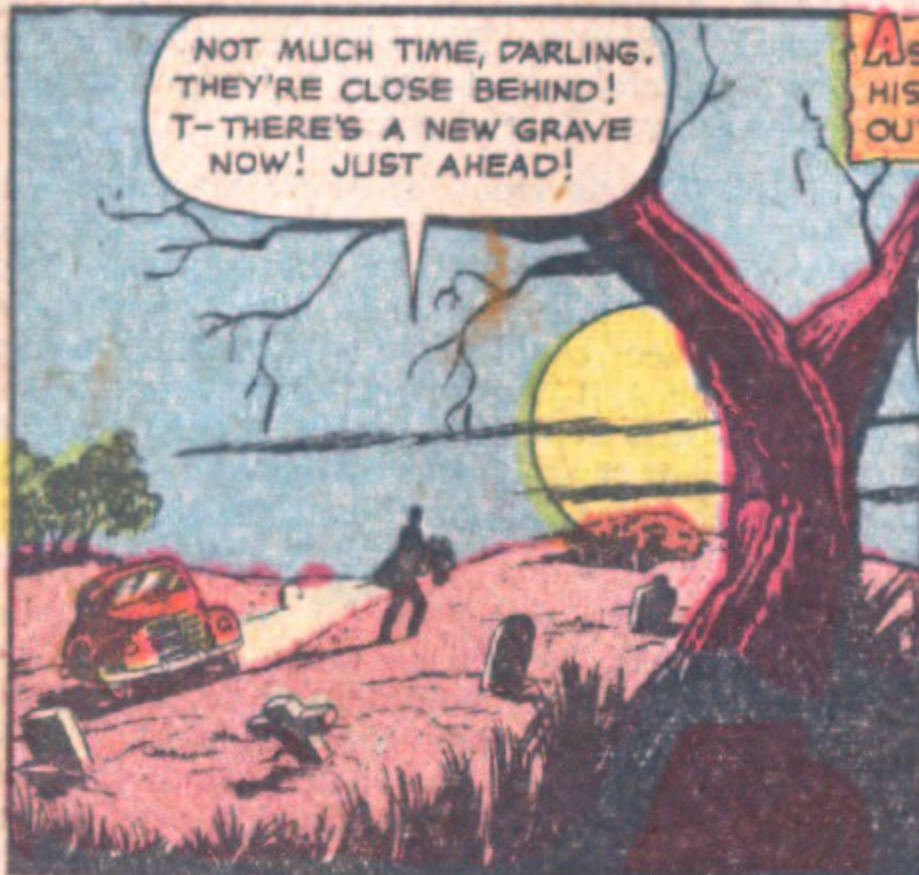


NOT MUCH TIME, DARLING. THEY'RE CLOSE BEHIND! T-THERE'S A NEW GRAVE NOW! JUST AHEAD!

AS THE LIGHTS OF HIS PURSUERS SEEK OUT JOHN MORGAN...

GOODBYE, YOU FOOLS! YOU DIDN'T KNOW, DID YOU? YOU NEVER KNEW! HAH-HAH-HAH—I'M GOING WITH MY ELSA THIS TIME! GOODBYE...

HE'S INSANE! STARK STARING MAD!

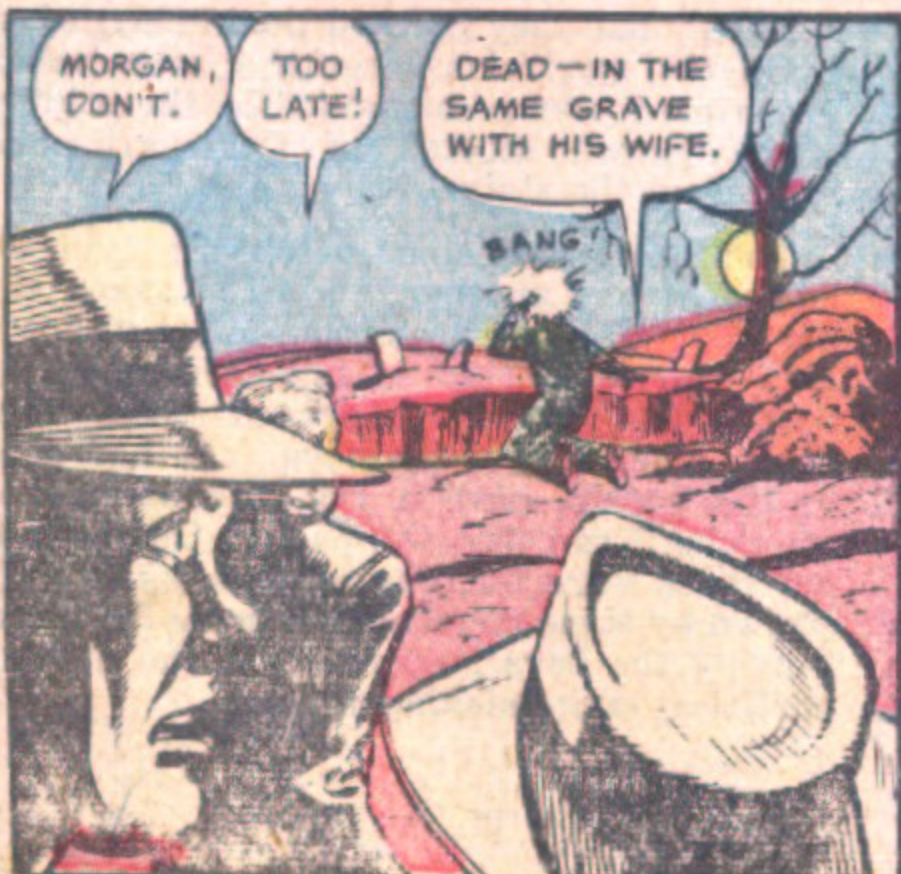


MORGAN, DON'T.

TOO LATE!

DEAD—IN THE SAME GRAVE WITH HIS WIFE.

BANG!



THEY—THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE ASLEEP.

POOR FELLOW!





GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



THE CASE OF THE FIERY SPIRIT

The following factual story may be found in the proceedings of the British Society for Psychical Research. Nothing is fictitious except the names, which have been changed.

In the forties of this century, in a small town near London, there lived a widowed mother with her two daughters. Their home was a large house, part of which had been shut off since the death of the father and two sons.

One April evening, Mrs. Harris, mother of Doris and Bess, was building a fire. The girls were out for the evening with their boy friends but were to be back not too late.

Shortly before the return of the girls, Mrs. Harris started a fire in the grate in the living room to make it cheerful for her daughters and their swains. Then she thought:

"I might as well put on the water for the tea, and let it boil awhile."

As she made her way to the kitchen she heard a peculiar, crackling sound which seemed to come from the living room. Looking back, puzzled, she said, "What is that noise?" Her first thought was that it was Boxie, her Great Dane. So she called him. The dog appeared at the head of the stairs, and lazily came down to meet his mistress. No, it wasn't Boxie. Mrs. Harris patted him, and deciding to think no more about the matter, started out for the kitchen. Suddenly the crackling noise came again, but this time violently. There was no mistaking it. The sound came from the parlor. The dog pricked up his ears and growled. Then he turned and went toward the parlor, followed by Mrs. Harris. But when he reached the large doorway of the parlor, he stopped in apparent fright, put his tail between his legs, crouched down, and then turned around and in a sneaking way made up the stairs.

Mrs. Harris was alarmed. "What can this be," she thought, "I have never seen Boxie afraid of anything before." And with great

trepidation she moved cautiously towards the parlor. To her amazement all seemed calm and unchanged. The fire was burning brightly; that was all.

She regained her self-control, saying to herself, "This is foolish." And in a rather vexed manner she called to Boxie, "Come down here, you silly dog." The massive creature again appeared at the head of the stairs. Reluctantly he started coming down, literally crawling. But when he got half way down the stairs he refused to budge farther, despite Mrs. Harris' coaxing.

Mrs. Harris stood by the stairs, puzzled. But before she could investigate further the doorbell rang. Forgetting the dog, she went to the door and opened it. The young folks had arrived. Light snow was on their coats. Laughing and chattering, they came in, removed their coats and mufflers, then entered the parlor and gathered around the fire. Soon the dog, having overcome his fear, joined them.

"I have the water on for some tea," said Mrs. Harris, "so I'll go make it now." One of the daughters volunteered to help with the sandwiches, then they all said, "We'll go with you," and the entire group trooped to the kitchen. Boxie remained, nestled down by the fireplace.

Hardly had they reached the kitchen, when again the mysterious crackling was heard. This time it was accompanied by the yelping of the dog, who scooted out of the parlor and rushed up the stairs.

The little group stood petrified a moment, looked at one another, and then asked one another: "Did you hear that? What was it?" Mrs. Harris started to tell them that the sounds had already happened twice that night, when one of the boys, who had gone to the parlor, gave a cry, for he noticed smoke. All ran into the parlor. On the carpet there were burning embers, apparently strewn by some phenomenon in the fireplace. Quickly the boys stepped upon the flaming particles, extinguishing them.

Finally, when all was cleaned up, and calm restored, they went back to the kitchen, prepared the tea and food, and returned to the parlor to enjoy themselves. And while they were sitting and discussing the unusual occurrence, Mrs. Harris, who had been looking sadly upon her burnt carpet, gave a start, and said:

"Is it my imagination, or do I seem to make out letters formed by those burnt holes?"

The young folks looked, and immediately became intrigued, for Mrs. Harris was right. Sure enough, letters could be traced on the carpet. And the letters formed a message, which read:

GREAT WAR COMING. MOVE FROM
HOUSE TO COUNTRY. SAVE LIFE.
DAD.

Bewildered, amazed, and not having any idea what to make of this message, they agreed, after much discussion, not to make mention of it to outsiders for fear of ridicule.

Six months later, World War Two burst over Europe.

One night, shortly after the war began, Doris, who had been sleeping, as was the rest of the family, awoke from a startling

dream. She got up, excited, ran into her mother's room, awakened her, and exclaimed, "We must leave this house!" Bess woke up, too, hearing the voices, ran into her mother's room, and cried:

"Are you all right, mother?"

"Yes, dear. Doris has just had a bad dream, and she came in to tell me about it. She says we must leave this house immediately."

"Yes, Bess," repeated Doris, "we must leave. You remember that incident of the fireplace. Well, I dreamt that happening all over again, and just before I awoke from it, a voice seemed to say to me, 'Go now. Go away now, for in a short time this house will be bombed from the air.'"

Mrs. Harris and her daughters took the advice they had twice so strangely received. They found a comfortable home in the country, and there they settled down. But months passed and nothing happened. They began to feel foolish. They discussed the matter often, and scepticism crept into their discussion.

Then came the news. London was being bombed from the air. And it was only a matter of time before the entire town was practically wiped out—including the house in which the Harris family had lived.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF JOURNEY INTO FEAR, published bi-monthly at Toronto, Ontario, Canada, for October 1, 1951.

Province of Ontario)
County of York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the Province and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bertram J. Krieger who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of JOURNEY INTO FEAR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: William Zimmerman, 71 Whitmore Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.
Editor: Harry L. Cohen, 434 Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Business Manager: Bertram J. Krieger, 38 Kilbarry Road, Toronto, Ontario.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)
Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Maurice Bera, 473 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Bertram J. Krieger, 38 Kilbarry Road, Toronto, Ontario, J. Irving Oelbaum, 4 Strathearn Boulevard, Toronto, Ontario, Samuel Crenstein, 20 Peverill Hill South, Toronto, Ontario, Nathan Perlmutter, 30 Strathearn Road, Toronto, Ontario, William Zimmerman, 71 Whitmore Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they

appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

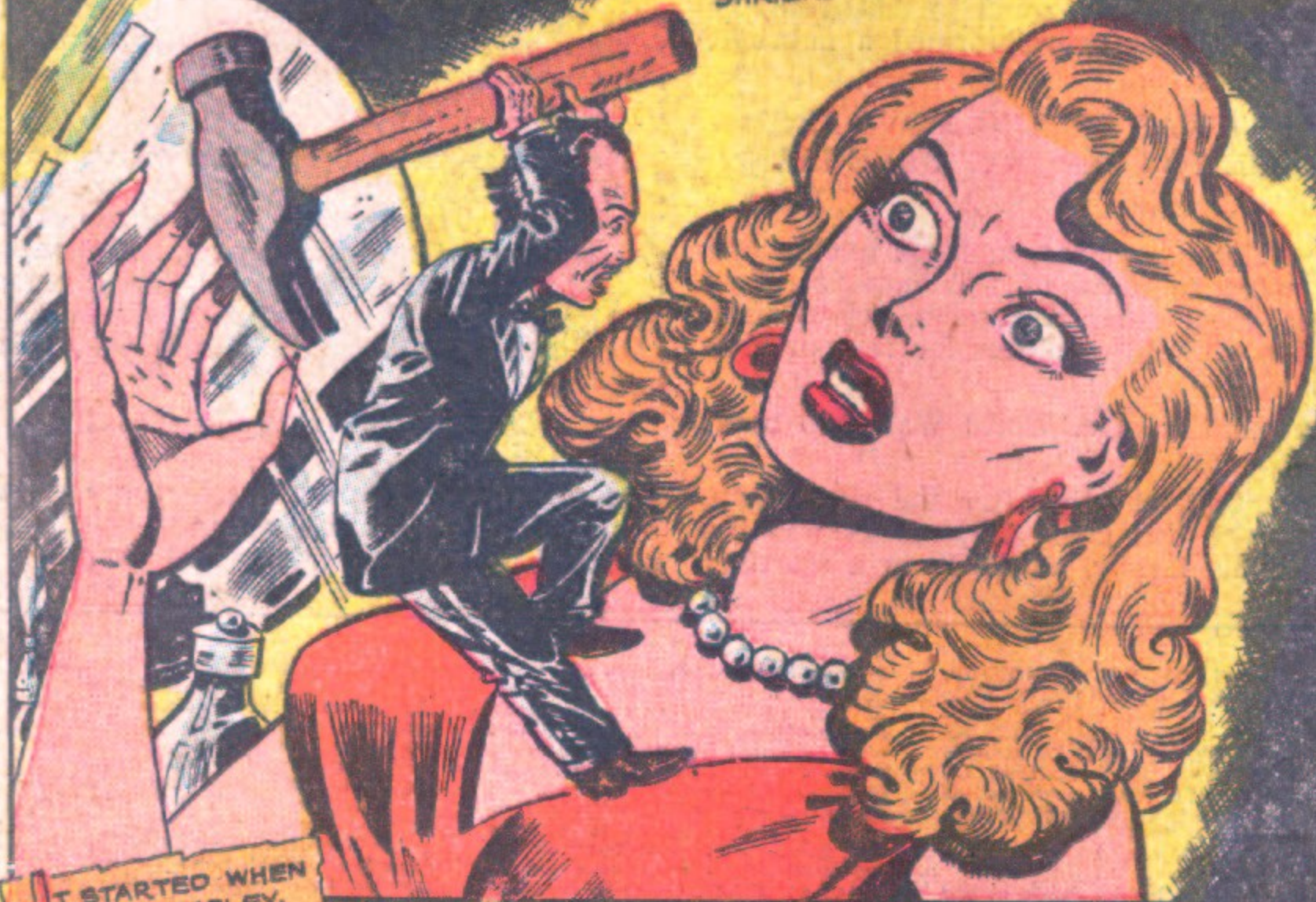
BERTRAM J. KRIEGER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1951.

(SEAL) DAVID PETERS.
(My commission for Life)

DIE, MY Darling!

IN THE JUNGLES OF THE DARK CONTINENT A MAN WITH BLOOD ON HIS SOUL WAS STRICKEN BY A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE CURSE! HE LAUGHED AT FIRST, ONLY TO FIND THE LAUGHTER CHILLING ON HIS LIPS AND TURNING INTO SHRIEKS OF TERROR!



IT STARTED WHEN MAXWELL HARLEY, WEALTHY AND SUCCESSFUL, WAS ON SAFARI IN AFRICA...

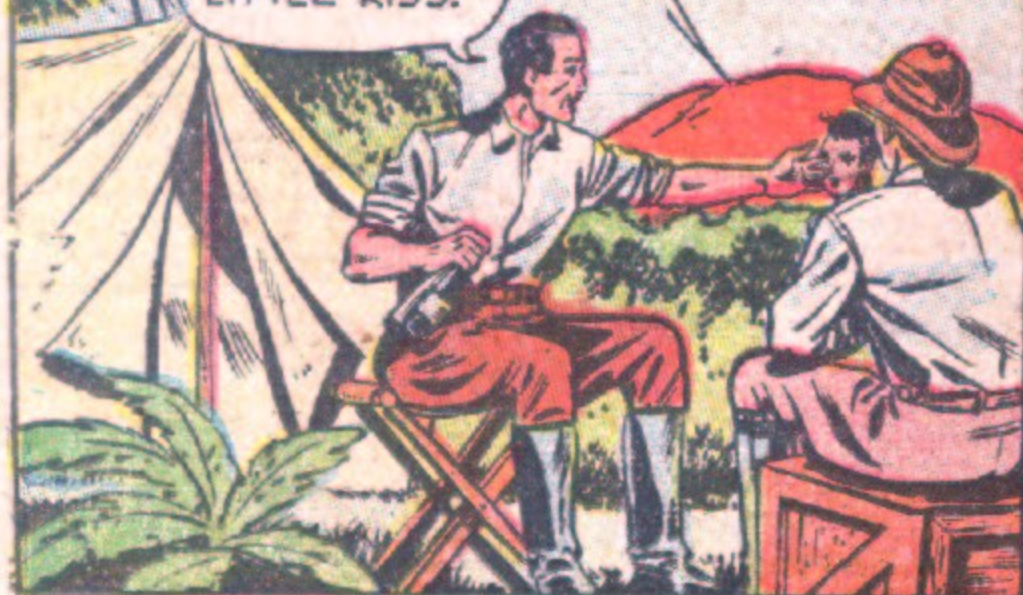
COME ON, TATI! I WON'T HURT YOU. JUST ONE LITTLE KISS.

NO! PLEASE, BWANA HARLEY!

BETTER LEAVE HER ALONE, HARLEY! THE PYGMIES DON'T LIKE HAVING THEIR WOMEN BOTHERED.

AH, WHAT'S THE HARM? I'M SICK OF THIS JUNGLE. COME ON, TATI!

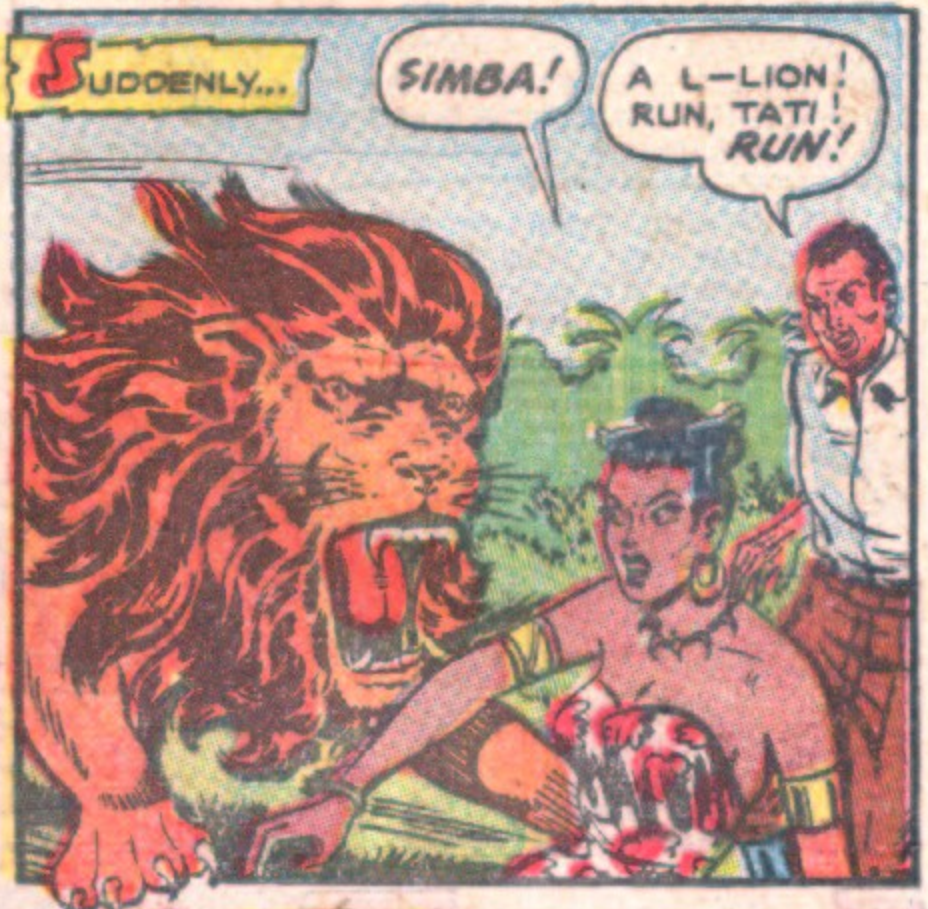
NO! MY FATHER WILL BE ANGRY IF HE SEES! PLEASE...





NO! TATI IS THE WOMAN OF ANOTHER!

I'LL GET THAT KISS YET! NO PYGMY WENCH IS GOING TO MAKE A FOOL OF MAX HARLEY.



SUDDENLY...

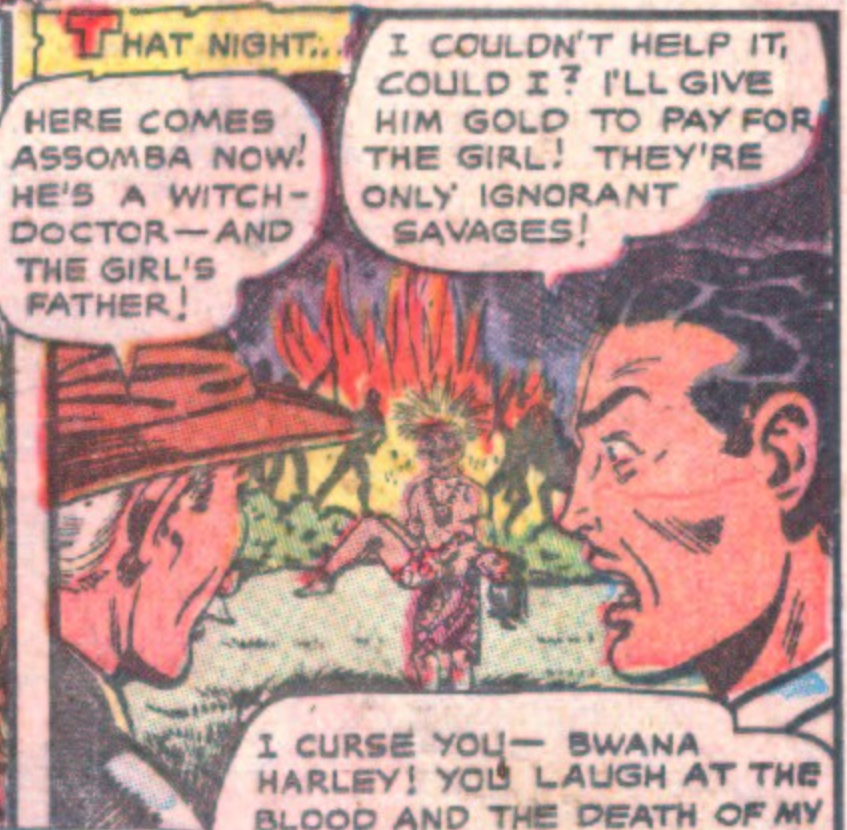
SIMBA!

A L-LION!
RUN, TATI!
RUN!



AAAAAA

GOT TO
SAVE
MYSELF!



THAT NIGHT...

HERE COMES
ASSOMBA NOW!
HE'S A WITCH-
DOCTOR—AND
THE GIRL'S
FATHER!

I COULDN'T HELP IT,
COULD I? I'LL GIVE
HIM GOLD TO PAY FOR
THE GIRL! THEY'RE
ONLY IGNORANT
SAVAGES!



I DO NOT WANT
YOUR GOLD, WHITE
MAN! WILL IT BRING
THE BREATH BACK
TO MY DAUGHTER?

WHY, YOU
FOOL! I'M
BEING VERY
GENEROUS
WITH YOU.

BETTER NOT SAY TOO
MUCH, HARLEY! QUEER
THINGS HAPPEN OUT
HERE.



I CURSE YOU— BWANA
HARLEY! YOU LAUGH AT THE
BLOOD AND THE DEATH OF MY
DAUGHTER AND MY PEOPLE!
SO HEAR— SOMEDAY YOU
SHALL BE AS THEY! OTHERS
WILL LAUGH AND SPITE YOU!
YOU WILL BE AS I AM...

MAXWELL HARLEY RETURNED TO THE STATES, BUT HE DID NOT FORGET THE CURSE. IT BECAME ONE OF HIS FAVORITE STORIES — WITH A FEW MINOR CHANGES...

...SO NOTHING EVER HAPPENED, OF COURSE! SILLY CURSE! BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT WITCH-DOCTOR! HA-HA-HA.

A FASCINATING YARN, HARLEY.

MAX! ARE YOU BORING PEOPLE WITH THAT STORY AGAIN?

AFTER THE PARTY...

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TELL THAT STORY, MAX. SOMEHOW IT—IT FRIGHTENS ME!

WHAT? OH, THE CURSE! DON'T BE A FOOL! IT'S ONLY NONSENSE!



OH — SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME! ALICE — QUICK! THE PAIN! TERRIBLE PAIN! H — HELP ME!

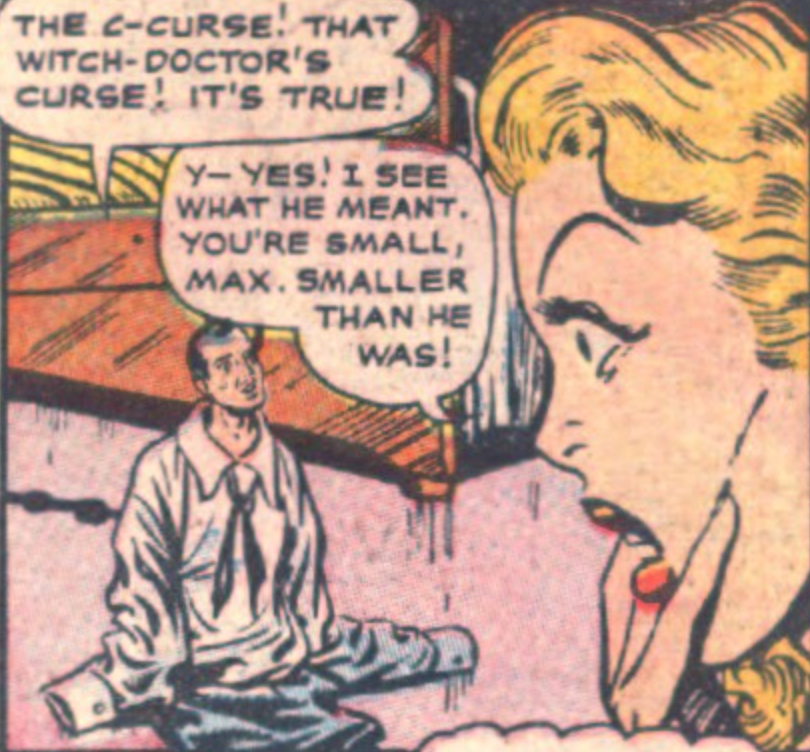
MAX! WHAT'S WRONG?



Alice Harley, transfixed by horror, watches her husband dwindle before her eyes...

THE C-CURSE! THAT WITCH-DOCTOR'S CURSE! IT'S TRUE!

Y — YES! I SEE WHAT HE MEANT. YOU'RE SMALL, MAX. SMALLER THAN HE WAS!



ALICE! MAYBE IT WILL PASS! YOU'LL STICK BY ME? YOU STILL LOVE ME? PLEASE!

OF COURSE, MAX! DARLING! WE'LL WORK THINGS OUT SO NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW!



THAT NIGHT HARLEY HEARS HIS WIFE MAKING STRANGE SOUNDS...

DON'T CRY ANY LONGER, ALICE! THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT! AS LONG AS YOU STICK BY ME.

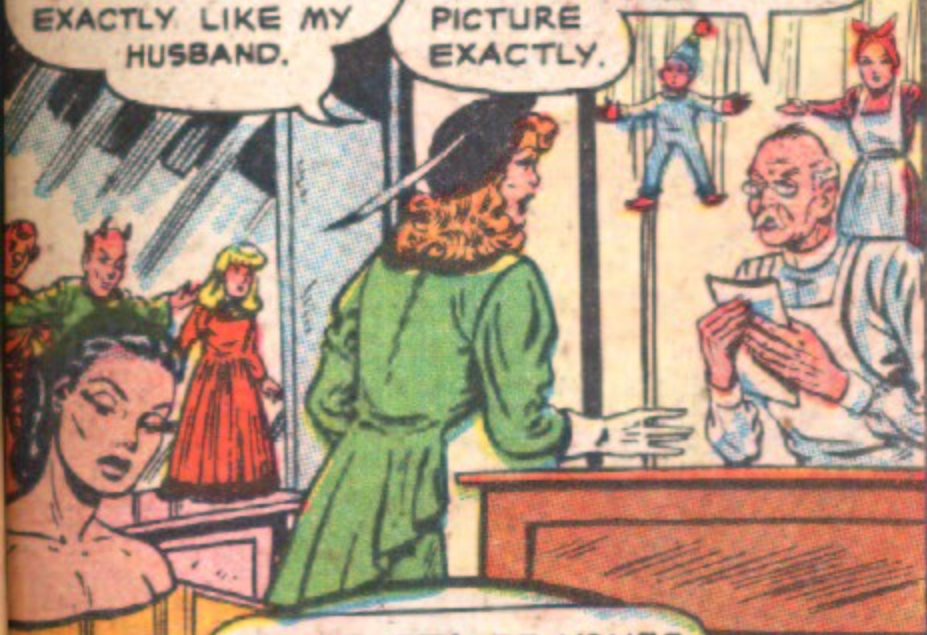
OH — I'VE LAUGHED TILL I'M WEAK! AND HE THINKS I'M CRYING FOR HIM! HOW I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS — AFTER ALL THE YEARS OF HIS BULLYING AND CHEATING! JUST WAIT, LITTLE MAN! OH — HA — HAH — HAH...



THE DAYS PASS AND ALICE HARLEY ENJOYS LIFE AS NEVER BEFORE! ONE DAY...

YOU UNDERSTAND? THE DUMMY MUST BE VERY LIFE-LIKE! EXACTLY LIKE MY HUSBAND.

YES, MRS. HARLEY! A GOOD JOKE ON SOMEONE, EH? I'LL FOLLOW THE PICTURE EXACTLY.

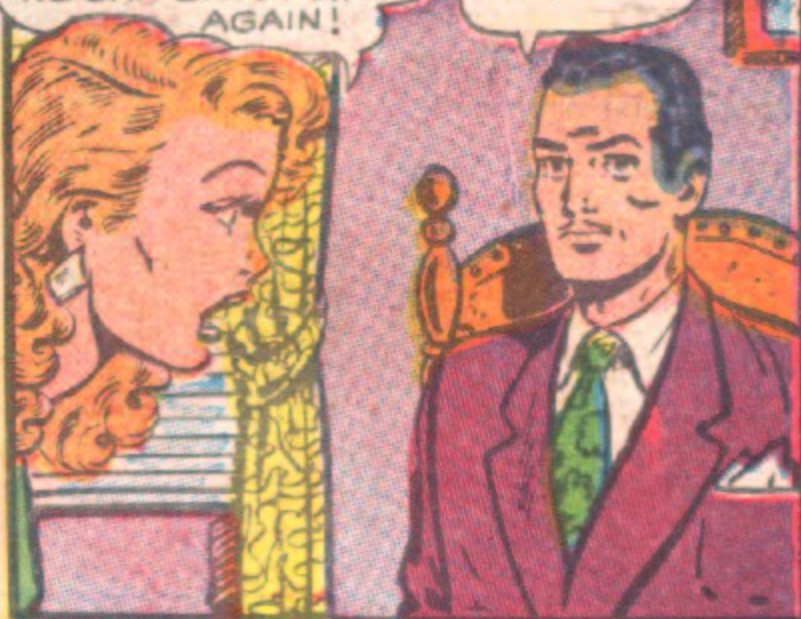


A FINE IDEA OF YOURS, ALICE. TONIGHT WE'LL GIVE IT A REAL TEST AT THE PARTY.

THAT NIGHT...

IT WORKS, MAX! I CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE FROM— BEFORE! NOW MAYBE WE CAN ENJOY LIFE AGAIN!

CLEVER, EH? AND IF I STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT, WITH THE STORY ABOUT MY BAD LEG, WE CAN FOOL ANYONE.



POOR MAX! A BAD LEG AND WEAK EYES. HE CAN'T BE ENJOYING HIMSELF.

OH, BUT HE IS!

YES. DON'T MIND ME, ALEC. I'LL JUST LOOK ON.



AFTER THE PARTY...

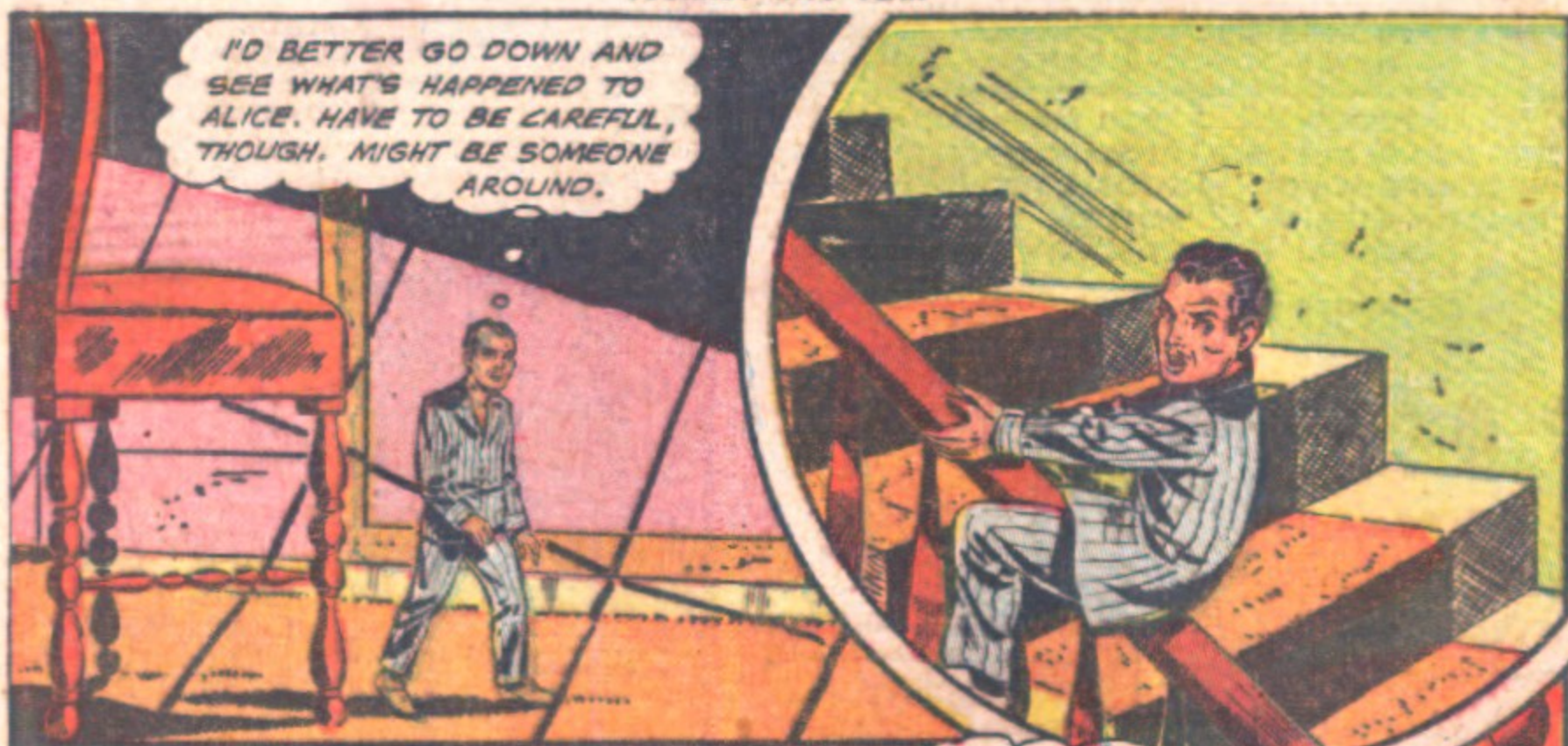
WHEW—WORKING THE MECHANISM ALONE IS DIFFICULT. WHERE IS ALICE? OUR GUESTS LEFT LONG AGO.

AT THAT MOMENT...

OF COURSE I LOVE YOU, DARLING. BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL! MAX IS TERRIBLY JEALOUS.

OH, HANG MAX! I WANT YOU TO GO AWAY WITH ME.





I'D BETTER GO DOWN AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ALICE. HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, THOUGH. MIGHT BE SOMEONE AROUND.

IT'S TRUE! SHE'S GOING TO TELL HIM ABOUT ME! AND MY MONEY—THEY'RE AFTER THAT! BUT I'M NOT DEAD YET!

N-NO! SHE COULDN'T! NOT TO ME!

THEN ANOTHER PART OF MAXWELL HARLEY'S WORLD COMES CRASHING DOWN...

I CAN'T TELL YOU YET, DARLING, BUT I WILL. WHEN WE GO AWAY, BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO HAVE HIS MONEY. MAX IS FILTHY RICH.

MUST BE SOME MYSTERY, SWEET-HEART. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW AT THE USUAL TIME.



LATER HARLEY PRETENDS TO BE ASLEEP...

SO YOU'RE ASLEEP, MY TINY HUSBAND! HA-HA-HA—WAIT UNTIL ALEC HEARS ABOUT YOU! HOW WE'LL LAUGH WHILE WE SPEND YOUR MONEY!

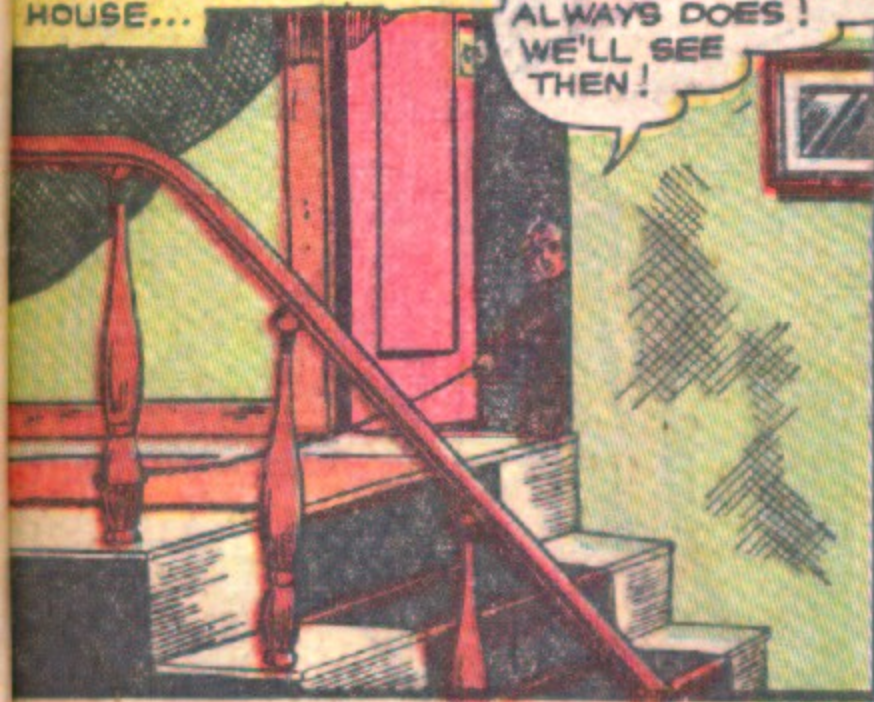
I'LL KILL THEM BOTH! BUT HOW? I'M SO SMALL, SO HELPLESS! THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY! THERE MUST BE!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON WHILE HIS WIFE IS IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE...

ALMOST TIME FOR THE PHONE TO RING! THEN SHE'LL RUN AS SHE ALWAYS DOES! WE'LL SEE THEN!

THAT MUST BE ALEC NOW!



GOODBYE, MY DEAR!

OH H H H H H H H H H H...



WON'T DO TO TAKE ANY CHANCES! TAKE THAT... DIE, MY DARLING!



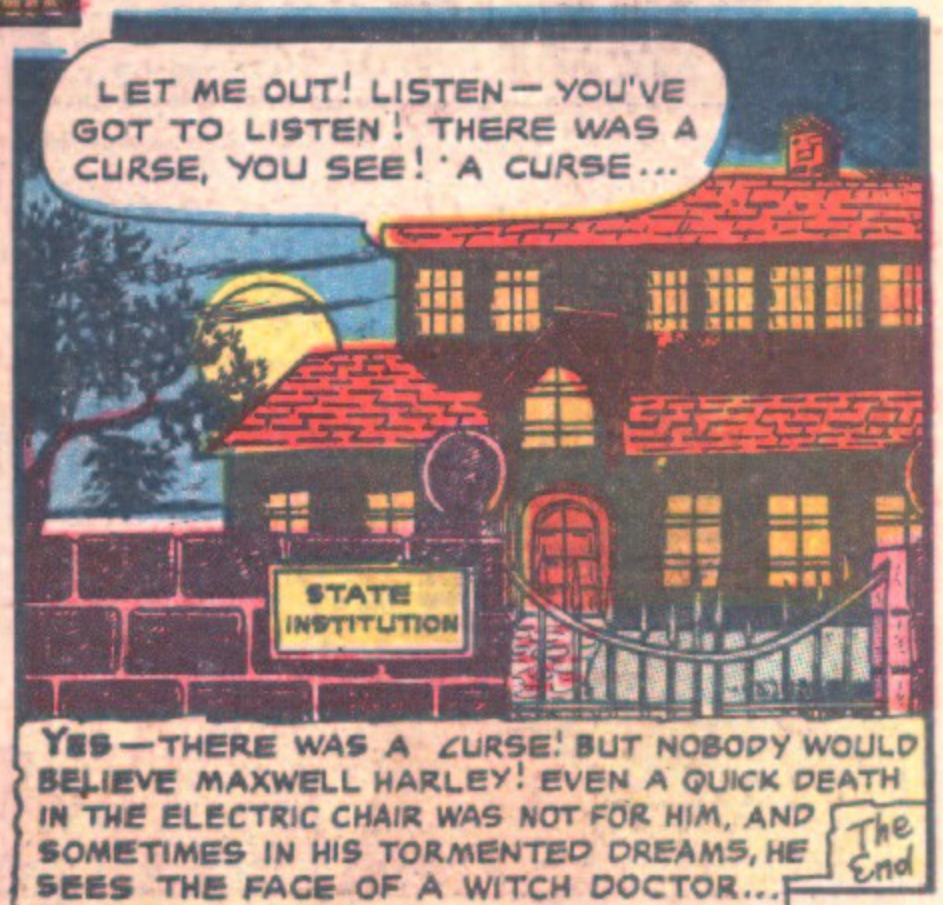
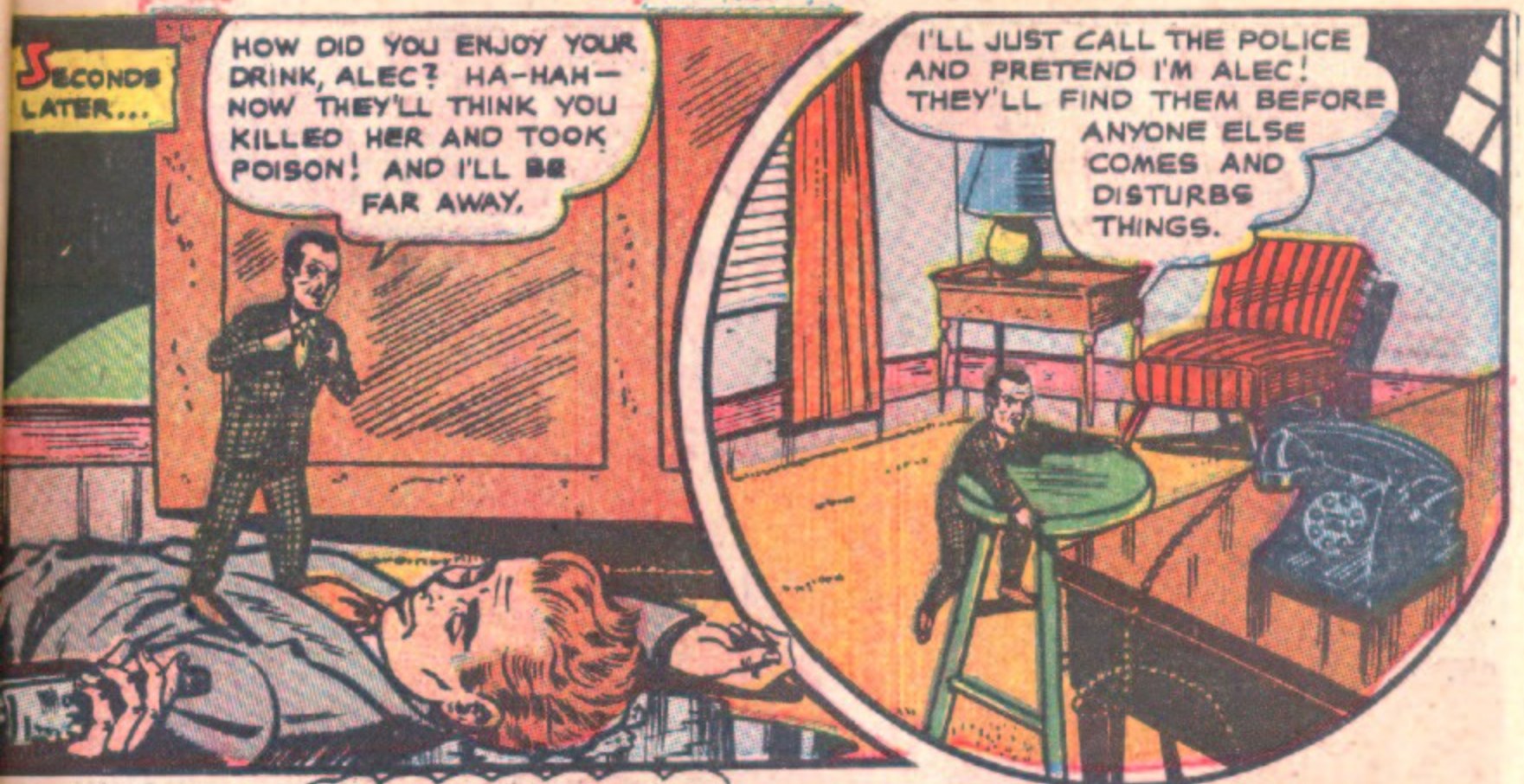
SHE'S DEAD! NOW FOR THE REST OF IT. THAT FOOL SHOULD BE CALLING BACK IN A MINUTE.

BETTER COME AT ONCE, ALEC! MY LEG, YOU KNOW! AND SHE NEEDS SOMEONE TO LOOK AFTER HER. PLEASE COME!

YOUR WIFE ILL? SURE, MAX! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

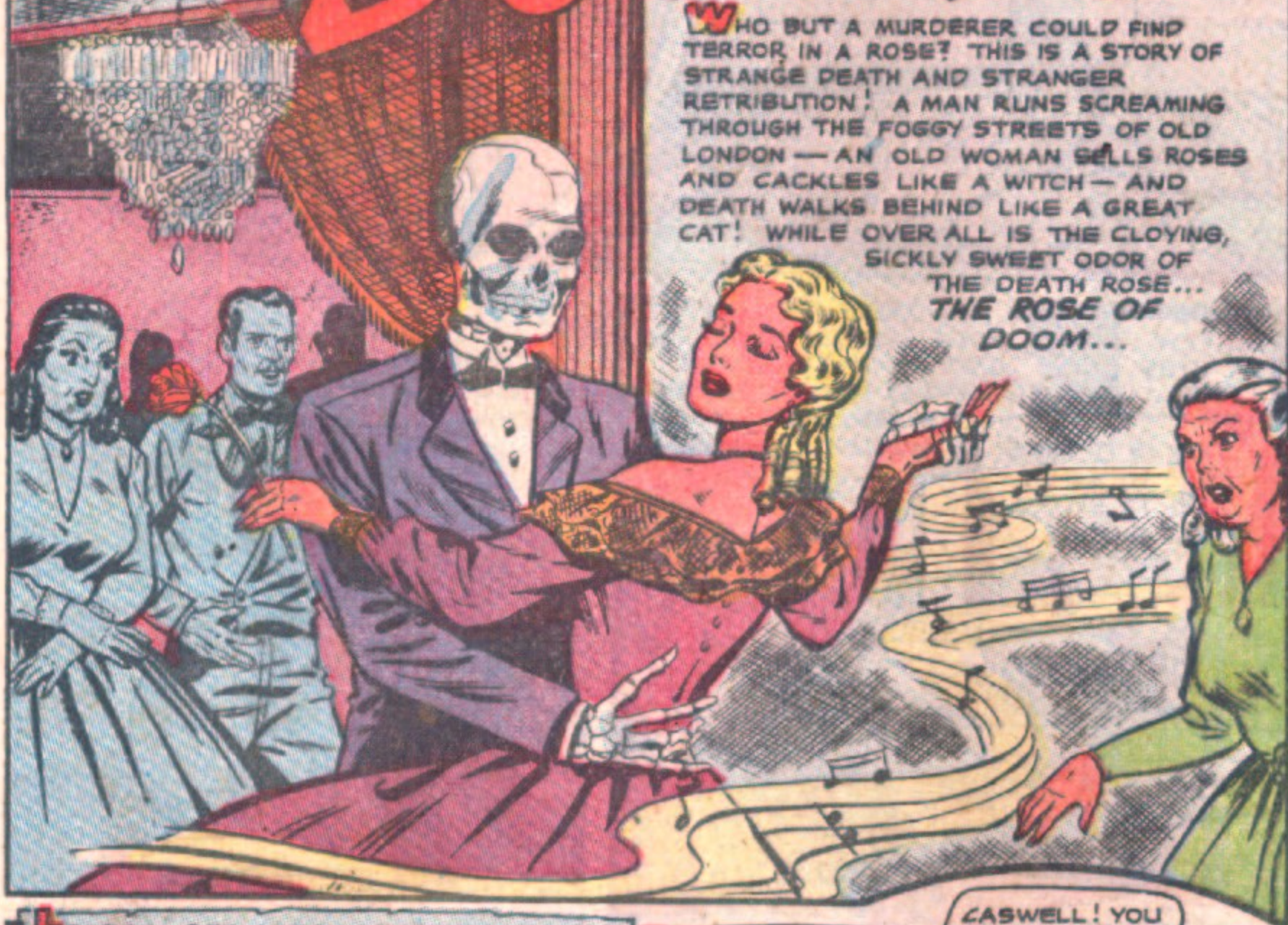






The ROSE of DOOM!

WHO BUT A MURDERER COULD FIND TERROR IN A ROSE? THIS IS A STORY OF STRANGE DEATH AND STRANGER RETRIBUTION! A MAN RUNS SCREAMING THROUGH THE FOGGY STREETS OF OLD LONDON — AN OLD WOMAN SELLS ROSES AND CACKLES LIKE A WITCH — AND DEATH WALKS BEHIND LIKE A GREAT CAT! WHILE OVER ALL IS THE CLOYING, SICKLY SWEET ODOR OF THE DEATH ROSE... **THE ROSE OF DOOM...**



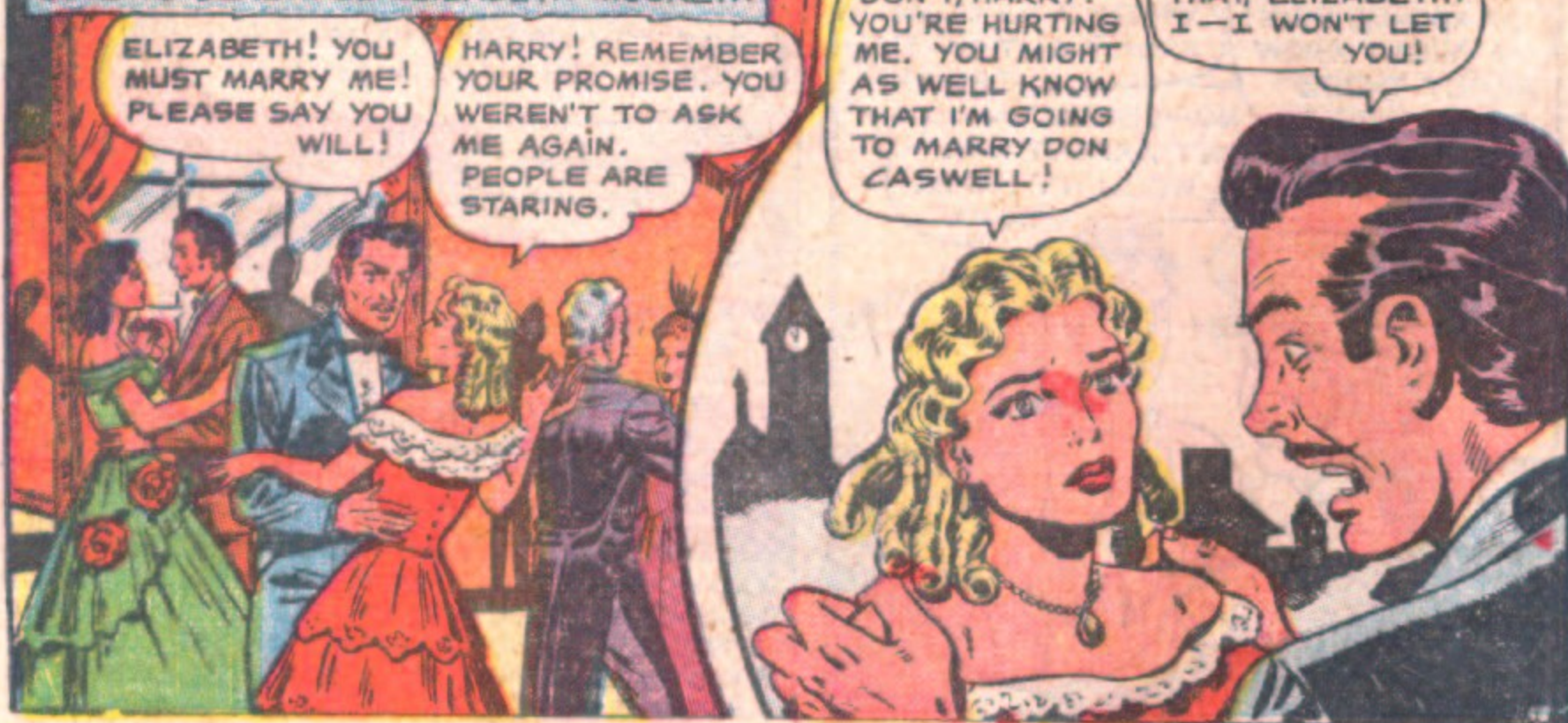
LONDON, 1855. HARRY PAKENHAM MAKES LOVE TO BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETH MOORE...

ELIZABETH! YOU MUST MARRY ME! PLEASE SAY YOU WILL!

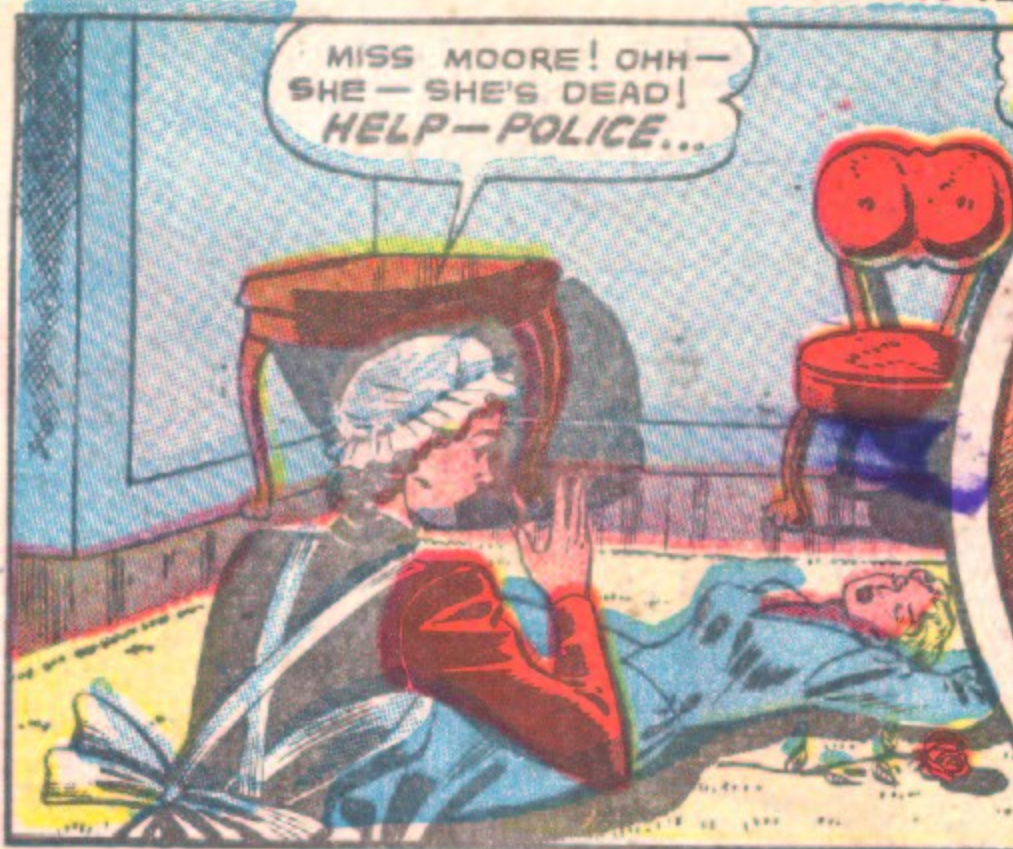
HARRY! REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE. YOU WEREN'T TO ASK ME AGAIN. PEOPLE ARE STARING.

DON'T, HARRY! YOU'RE HURTING ME. YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT I'M GOING TO MARRY DON CASWELL!

CASWELL! YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT, ELIZABETH. I—I WON'T LET YOU!



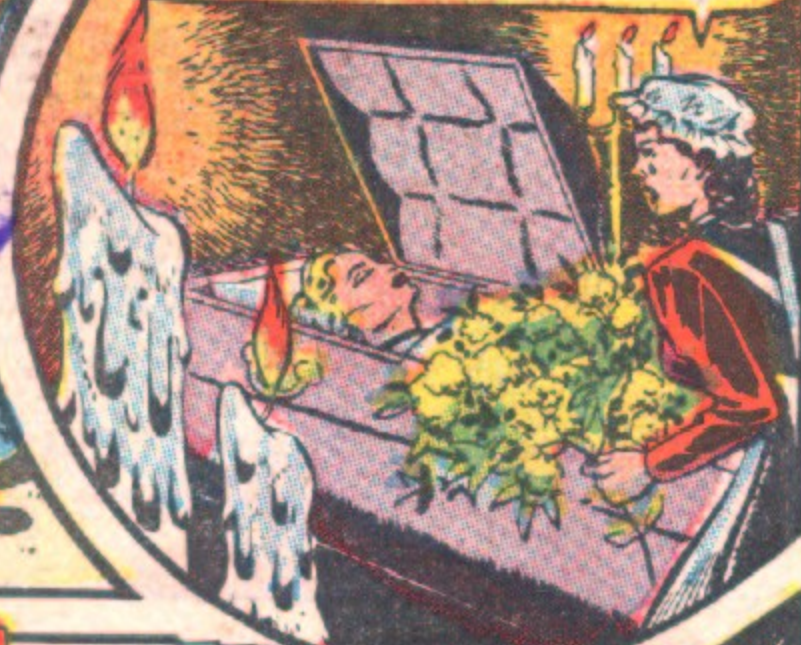




MISS MOORE! OHH—
SHE—SHE'S DEAD!
HELP—POLICE...

IN THE EXCITEMENT THE ROSE IS
OVERLOOKED UNTIL THE NEXT
DAY, THEN...

POOR MISS ELIZABETH, I'LL JUST
PUT THIS ROSE WITH THE OTHERS.



"MISS MOORE DIED OF A STRANGE
HEART SEIZURE! SHE WAS TO HAVE
BEEN MARRIED SOON TO—" HAH...
SHE'LL NEVER MARRY ANYONE NOW!
MY ROSE SAW TO THAT.



IN THE STILL
HOURS OF THE
MORNING...

NO—IT CAN'T
BE! Y—YOU'RE
NOT REALLY
THERE.

BUT I AM,
HARRY! I AM!
AND I HAVE
A PRESENT
FOR YOU, A
LOVELY
ROSE.



NO—NOT THAT
ROSE! TAKE IT
AWAY! AHHHHH...

WHY, HARRY! IT'S
ONLY A ROSE—
THE SAME AS
YOU SENT TO ME!



HARRY
PAKENHAM
AWAKES...

IT—IT WAS ONLY A
DREAM AFTER ALL!
B—BUT I CAN SMELL
ROSES. THE SCENT OF
ROSES EVERYWHERE!

I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL OF ROSES IN THAT ROOM! MUST HAVE SOME FRESH AIR! I'LL WALK A WHILE.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

S— SOMEONE FOLLOWING ME! AND I CAN SMELL ROSES AGAIN!

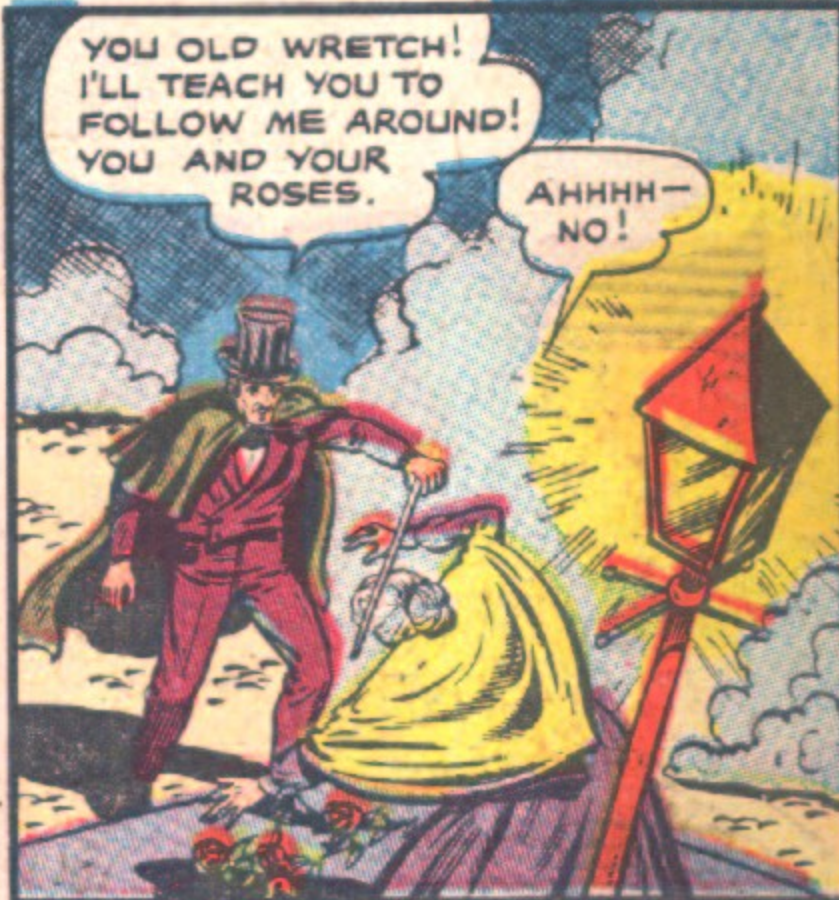


GOOD EVENING, YOUNG GENTLEMAN! WILL YOU BUY MY ROSES — LOVELY ROSES! ONLY A PENNY...



YOU OLD WRETCH! I'LL TEACH YOU TO FOLLOW ME AROUND! YOU AND YOUR ROSES.

AHHHH— NO!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE ROSES! I CAN SMELL THEM YET. I—I'LL GO MAD!

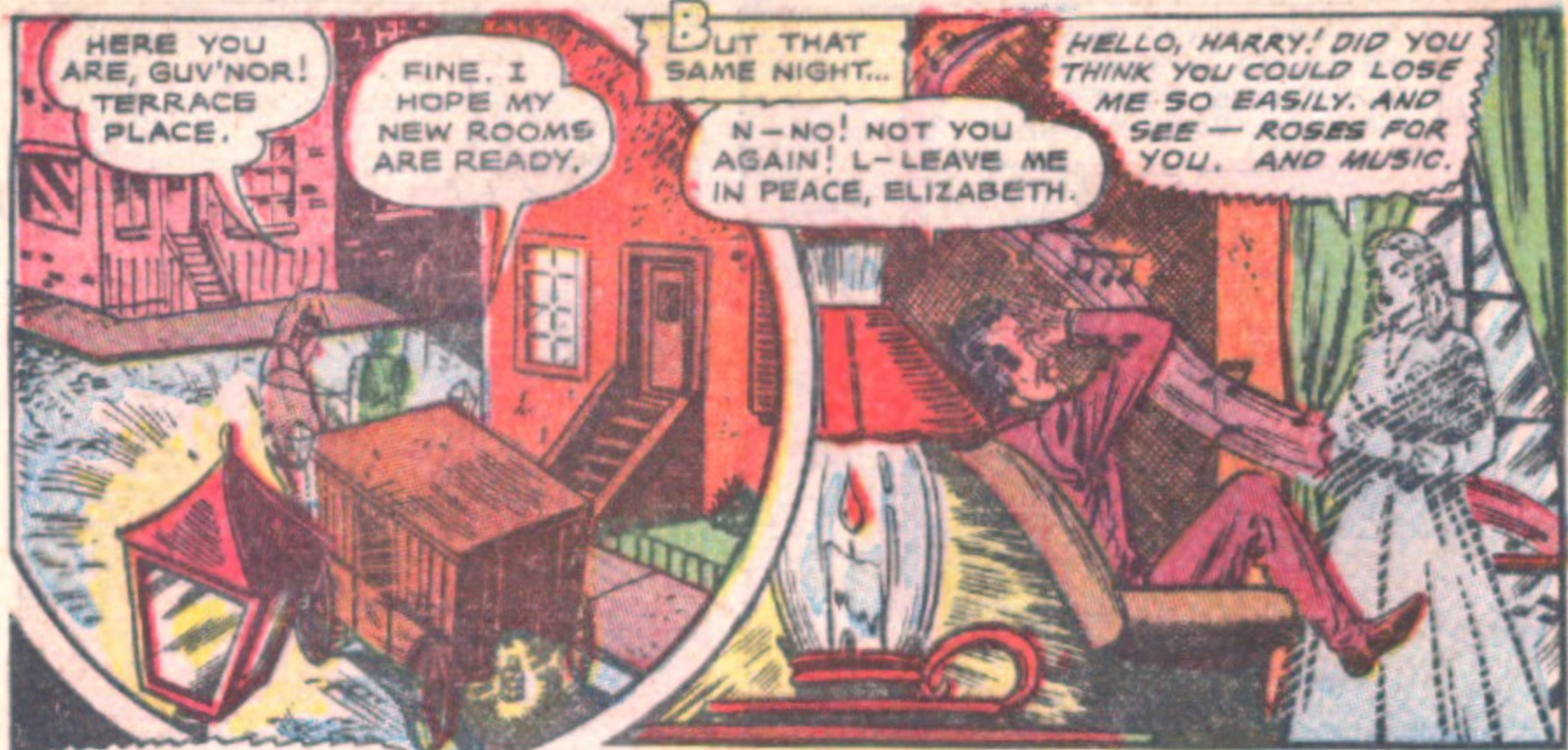
SOMEONE HELP AN OLD WOMAN.



BUT WHEN HARRY PAKENHAM GETS HOME AGAIN...

THIS ROOM— STILL REEKS OF ROSES! I'LL GET OUT. I'LL MOVE TONIGHT!





HERE YOU ARE, GUV'NOR! TERRACE PLACE.

FINE. I HOPE MY NEW ROOMS ARE READY.

BUT THAT SAME NIGHT...

N-NO! NOT YOU AGAIN! L-LEAVE ME IN PEACE, ELIZABETH.

HELLO, HARRY! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD LOSE ME SO EASILY. AND SEE - ROSES FOR YOU. AND MUSIC.

REMEMBER, HARRY! THIS WALTZ - THE LAST WE EVER DANCED TOGETHER. BEFORE YOU SENT ME A ROSE.

STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! HAVE MERCY, ELIZABETH, HAVE MERCY!

THE WAY YOU HAD MERCY ON ME, HARRY?

GET AWAY FROM ME! I-I'LL GET OUT OF HERE-I WON'T STAY HERE.

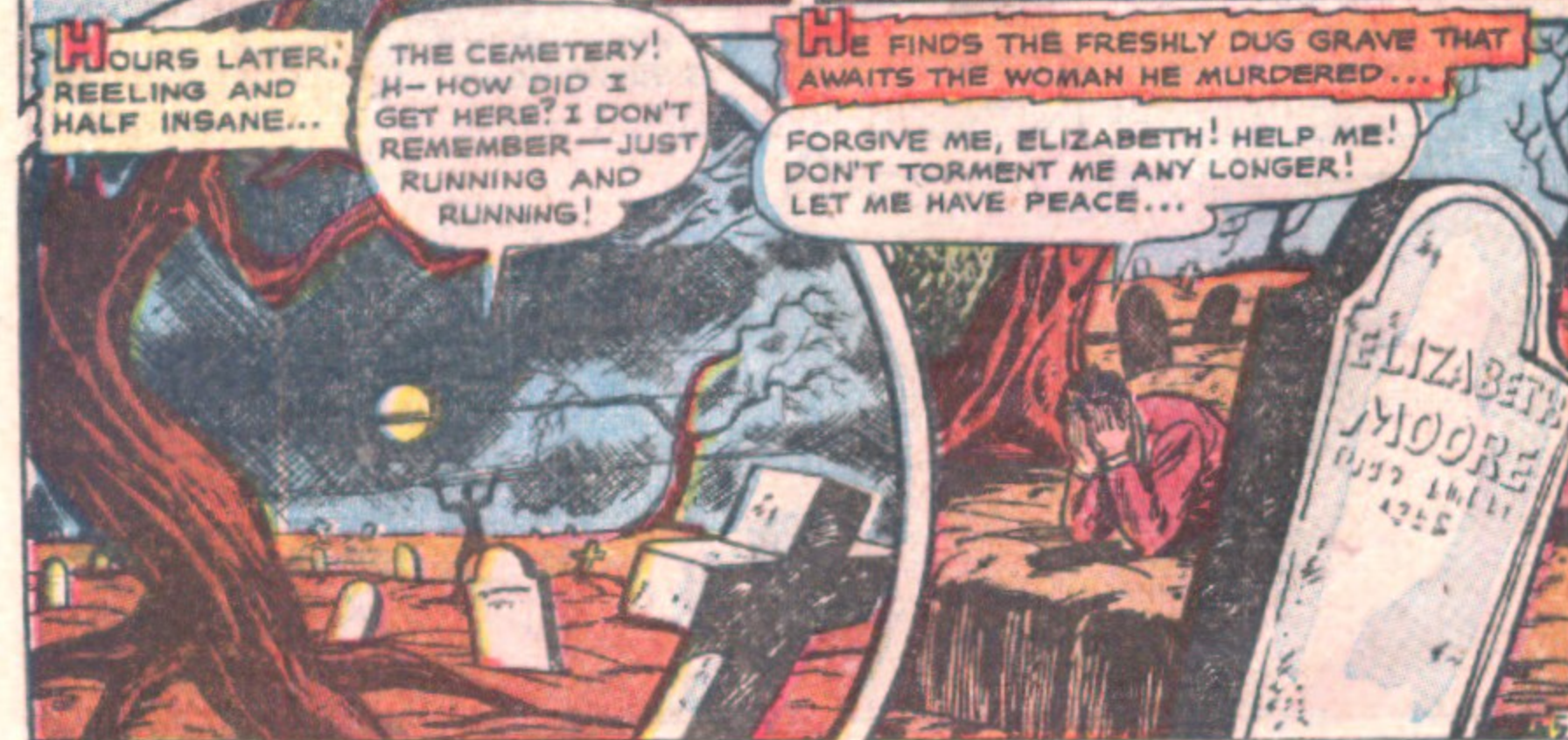


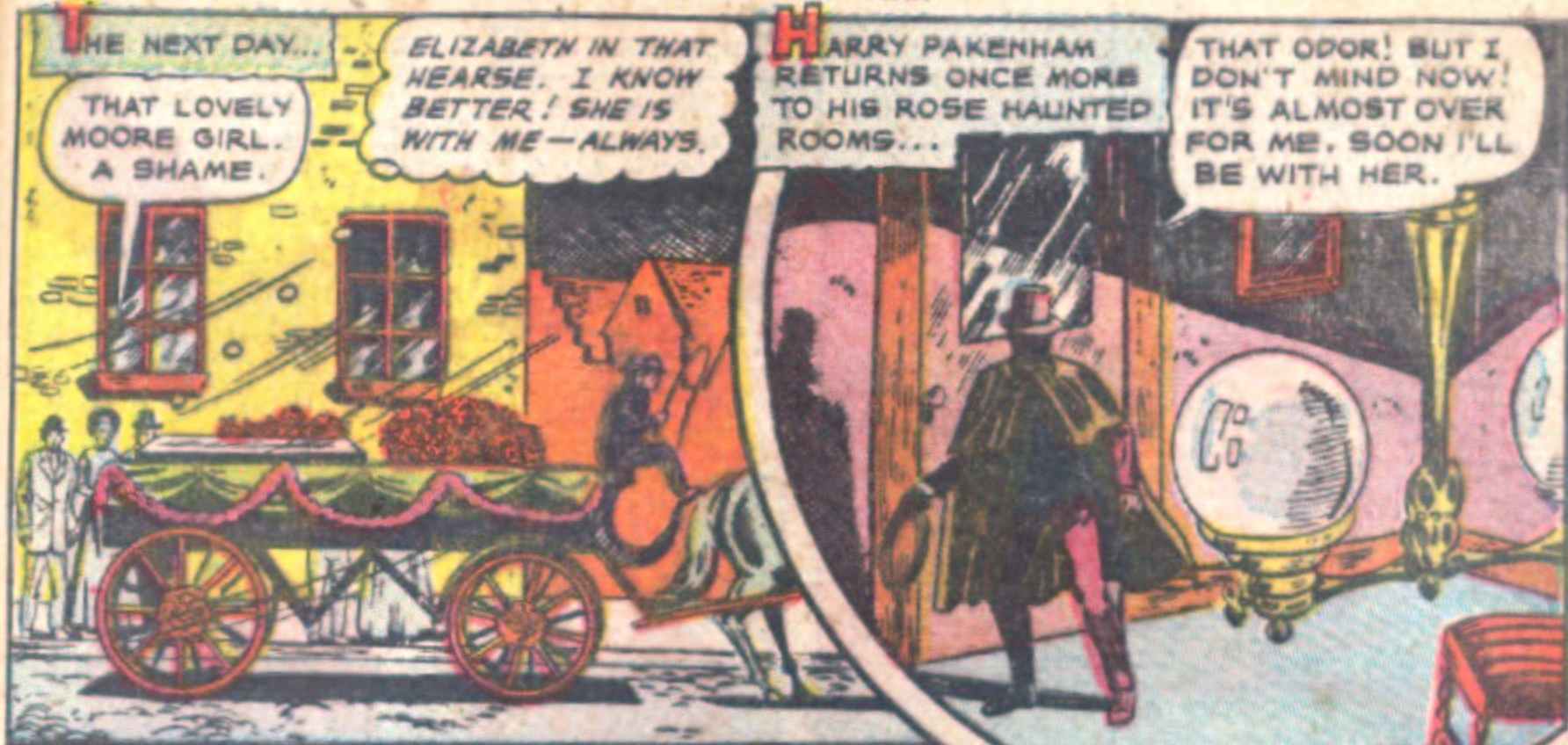
HOURS LATER, REELING AND HALF INSANE...

THE CEMETERY! H-HOW DID I GET HERE? I DON'T REMEMBER - JUST RUNNING AND RUNNING!

HE FINDS THE FRESHLY DUG GRAVE THAT AWAITS THE WOMAN HE MURDERED...

FORGIVE ME, ELIZABETH! HELP ME! DON'T TORTURE ME ANY LONGER! LET ME HAVE PEACE...





THE NEXT DAY...

THAT LOVELY MOORE GIRL. A SHAME.

ELIZABETH IN THAT HEARSE. I KNOW BETTER! SHE IS WITH ME—ALWAYS.

HARRY PAKENHAM RETURNS ONCE MORE TO HIS ROSE HAUNTED ROOMS...

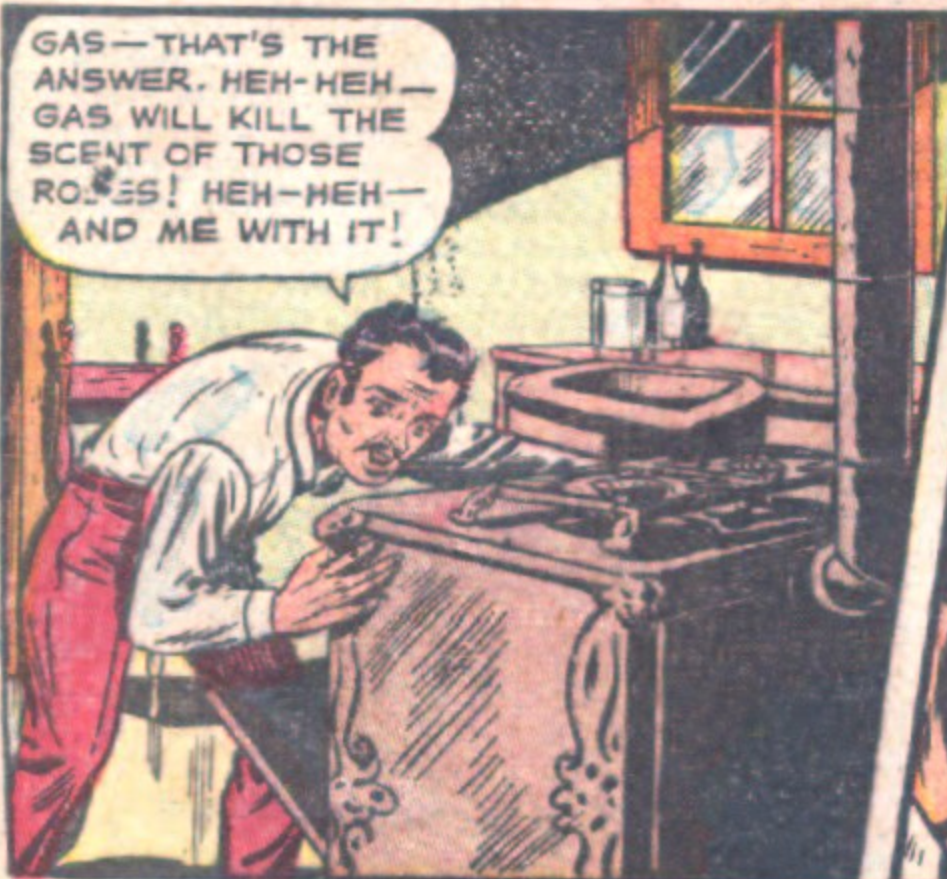
THAT ODOR! BUT I DON'T MIND NOW! IT'S ALMOST OVER FOR ME. SOON I'LL BE WITH HER.



YOU'VE WON, ELIZABETH. I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE.



THE R-ROPE. SNAPPED! SHE DID IT!

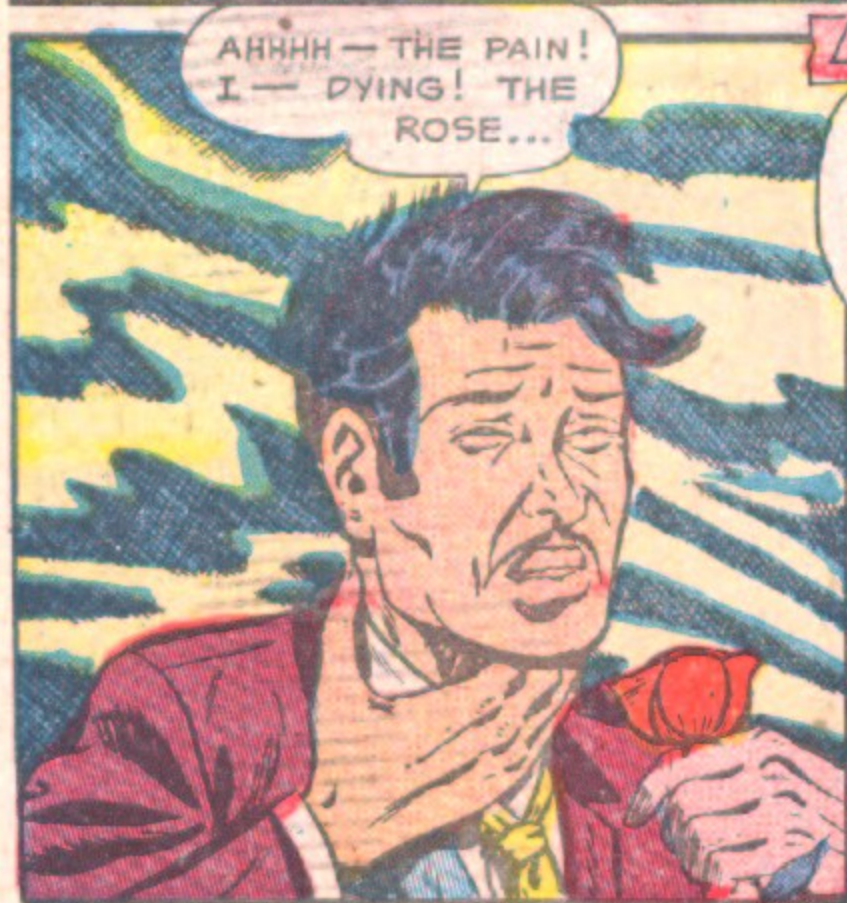
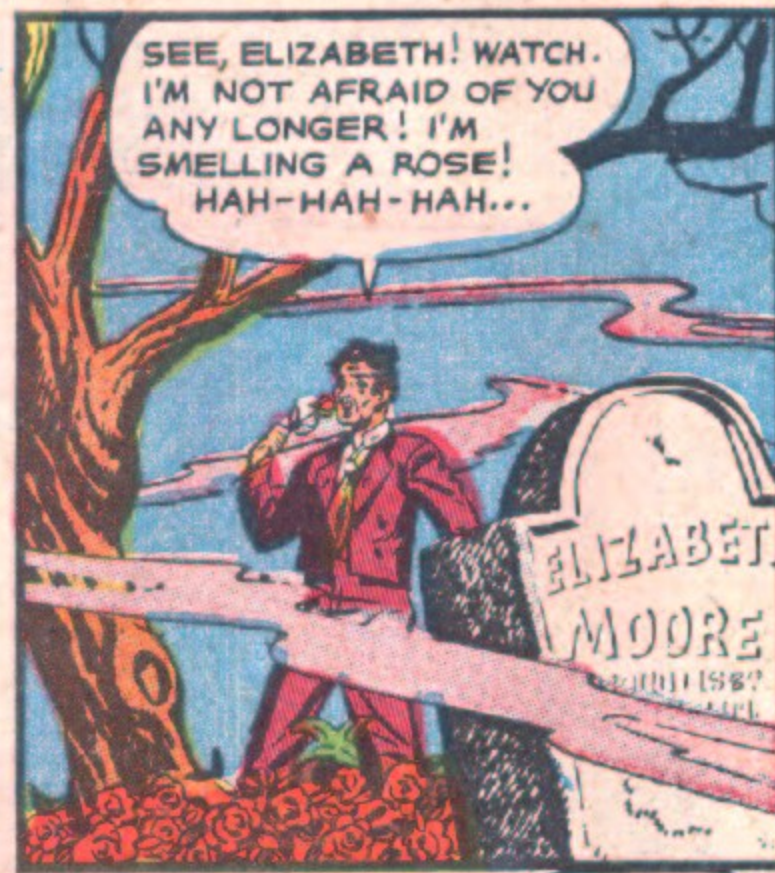
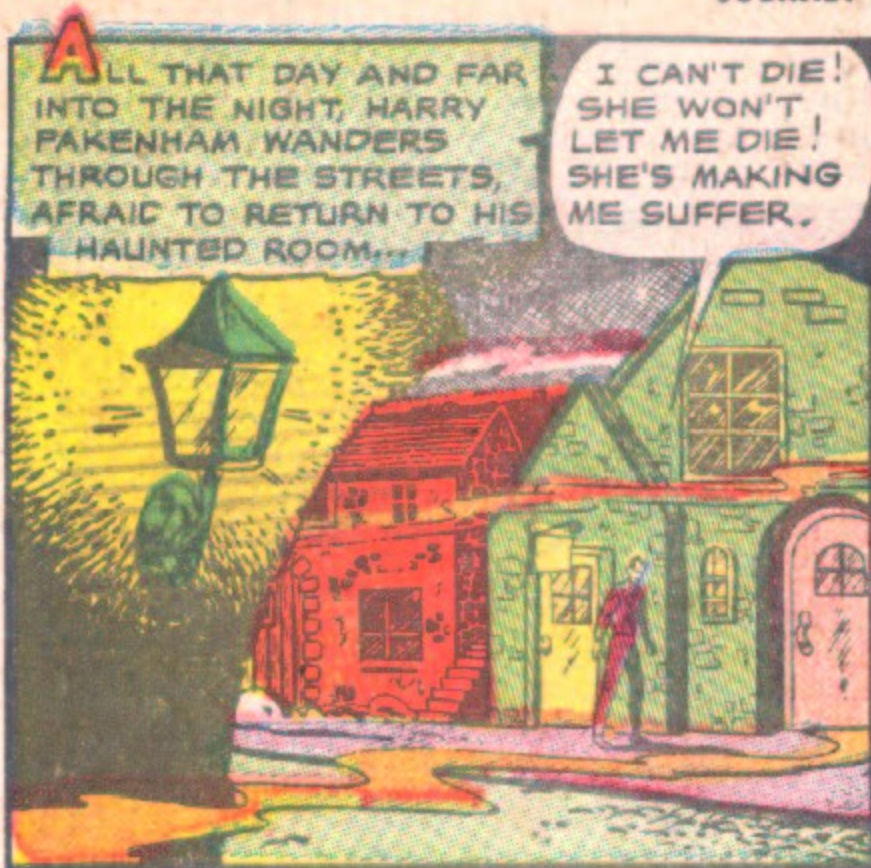


GAS—THAT'S THE ANSWER. HEH-HEH—GAS WILL KILL THE SCENT OF THOSE ROSES! HEH-HEH—AND ME WITH IT!



BUT...

NO GAS! IT'S FAILED. NOW OF ALL TIMES! ALL I CAN SMELL IS ROSES—ROSES!



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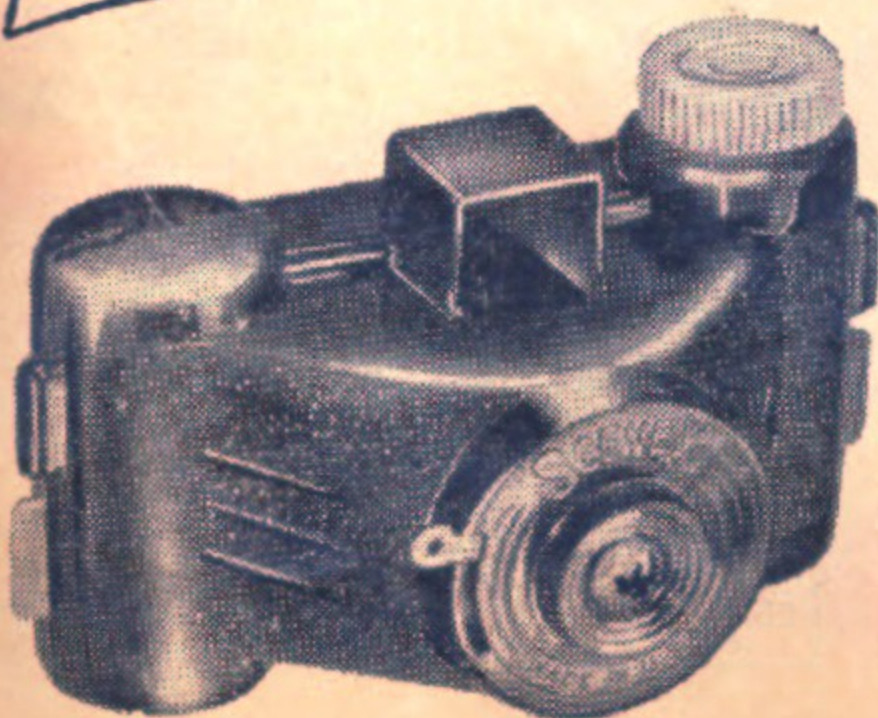


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